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LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back—
That sunshine of her face,
That used to make this worn earth seem,
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But, oh, the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still: I went
With her the other day,
To meet a long missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back for me to see,
That old time love light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me;
They say I might have fame,
I like those gegaws quite as well
As others like those same.
But I care not for what I have
Nor just for what I lack,
One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear banished smile, come back!
And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without its sun?
And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me robbed of thee?
—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

AT SEA IN A YAWL.

About fifty miles above Sidney, Australia, an English gentleman named Howe, a retired civil officer, had a fine place directly on the sea. This was twenty-five years ago, and the place may have passed through half a dozen hands since. It was a villa or country seat and farm combined. Howe was rich, but he raised fruits, vegetables, hay and wool to sell, and he was part owner in a brig which called in at intervals to carry our stuff away. On my first voyage in with this brig the gentleman took a fancy to me and hired me to work ashore, and I had been with him three years when the distressing incident I am about to relate came about.

Howe owned a pleasure yacht, but as he feared the sea she was seldom used. When she went out I had charge of her and could run her very nicely with the help of a boy. We also had several rowboats, and there was scarcely a pleasant evening that I did not row some of the family out. There was a fine bay in front of the farm, and unless the weather was very boisterous this water was always safe.

On the evening of Dec. 10, 1865, the brig came into the bay to load with cargo, and she anchored almost opposite the house. She had a fine new yawl, in which the captain came ashore, and it appeared that Howe and the women folks were greatly taken with it. Early next morning I was told to get this yawl ready for a sail down the bay to a small island, where a picnic dinner was to be eaten. The party, when ready to start, consisted of Howe, his wife, and an 18-year-old daughter named Bessie, a miss of 13 named Ransome, who was on a visit, and little Ben Howe, who was only 5 years old. Two ladies from the next farm above were to have gone with us, but a merciful Providence detained them at home. It was touch and go whether we should make the trip without them, but it was decided to go in order not to disappoint the young folks. I had filled the water keg and taken a big lunch basket aboard, and when we moved away there was just breeze enough to fill the sail and jog us along about three miles an hour. A more perfect morning I never saw, and the oldest sailor could not have suspicioned a change.

We reached the island all right, remained there until 2 o'clock p. m., and then started for home. At about 1 o'clock the sky hazed up and the wind died almost away, and as the tide would begin to run out at 2 I became somewhat anxious. My sailor experience warned me that there would be a change of wind and weather, and I was impatient to get away. One trifle and another detained us until the hour named. The people enjoyed themselves immensely, and it was not for me to say when we should start, although I did throw out a hint or two that I suspected a change of weather. All were in good spirits when we finally got away, and as the yawl was a good sailer she crept along at a fair speed until the wind suddenly fell as flat as you pleased. We were then opposite the ocean inlet, which was a mile broad, and we began to drift out with the tide. I had a pair of oars in the boat, and Mr. Howe took one and I the other, and we pulled away to cross the space. As he was not a strong man, and had had no practice in rowing, we made no gain, and, to make matters worse, he lost his oar overboard and it was swept away.

We were three miles from the brig, and I was getting ready to hoist a signal when the sky darkened up with a sort of fog, shutting us in, and the wind breezed up directly off shore. Had it not been for the strong tide I could have beat back into the bay, even in the fog, but I was soon compelled to tell Mr. Howe that we were being drifted and driven out to sea. The news at once unnerved him, and his words and demeanor all the others, who began wailing and lamenting. Little Ben was an exception. He was not only too young to understand the danger, but he enjoyed the novelty of the situation. He crept back to the stern sheets, stood between my knees to steady himself, and whispered:

"I sha'n't cry, Jack. Only I wish my dog was here!"

After we had driven over the bar, which always forms at every inlet, the breeze freshened still more, and I had to run off before it, although I double reefed the sail. Had I attempted to beat back to the coast line I should have got among the rocks and reefs which lined it for miles and miles. There was room in the inlet to beat up against the tide, but it was now so dark that I could hardly see the bow of the boat, and I had no compass and could have run only by dangerous guesswork. In heading dead out to sea I expected nothing worse than to have to pass the night on the water. By morning, at least, the brig would know that we had met with a piece of ill luck, and would stand out to pick us up. And, too, the wind might go down with the sun or veer to a favorable quarter. Therefore, while Mr. Howe cursed his foolishness in ever stepping foot into the yawl, and while the women cowered and wept, I was encouraged to hope that everything might turn out for the best.

At 5 o'clock by my watch, the face of which I could hardly see through the gloom, the wind was blowing a topsail breeze and the sea getting a nasty roll. Every one but myself became seasick and fell to the bottom of the boat, and for the next three hours I heard nothing but cries and groans of distress. The real darkness had come now, and I could not see half the length of the boat. I held her steady as she went, and was gratified to find that she made good work of it and did not have to be watched as closely as a larger boat might. It was about 9 o'clock when Mr. Howe roused up and crawled aft to me. He was in despair, but calmer than before. I made light of the adventure, predicting that we would be back at the farm before noon next day, and calling his attention to the splendid behavior of the boat, and after a little he seemed to have hopes. I suggested that we have a bite to eat, and he got the hamper of provisions. It contained wine, cake, crackers, cheese and meats, and also two candles, which had been taken along to explore a cave said to be located on the island, but which we did not find. We got a light, roused up the others, and after we had broken our fast all felt more cheerful.

Had the women been of the common sort I should have known what to say to brace them up, but they were aristocrats, tender as spring flowers, and a bit of hardship was calculated to upset 'em. I made an attempt to belittle the situation, and declared that it was nothing but an unpleasant adventure, and after a bit they all got some courage and began to be more hopeful. What worried me the most was the fact that the wind kept getting up stronger and stronger, and by 11 o'clock the yawl was humming through the yeast like a man-of-war in a gale. I knew we were going out into the Indian ocean at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and that if the wind held as it was we'd be at least a hundred miles off the shore by sunrise. If it got up much stronger I'd have to bring the yawl abt at head on, no matter what the risk, for she was now rolling gunwale down and only just keeping ahead of the rollers. I got the women folks to lie down in the bottom of the boat, and then had Mr. Howe pass me the single oar, a piece of board which little Ben had put in, a bit of two by four scantling which was under a thwart, and a water pail. While still holding the yawl dead before the wind I tied these together for a drag, told Mr. Howe to attach them to the boat's painter, and by midnight was ready to bring her head on.

It was time. The wind was now blowing half a gale, and there was danger that a following sea might break aboard and fill us. I did not tell him what I proposed to do, fearing he would become nervous and rattle me, but I quietly waited for the right moment, sent him to the bow to throw out the drag, and when I hauled sheet and put the tiller over I could feel my heart in my throat. She hung for a moment, and every soul aboard screamed out in terror, but the crisis passed, and as she settled into a hollow she was head to the gale, and the drag was holding her firm. I then explained to the people that nothing more could be done, and that they might as well lie down. When they were down I got out an old oil cloth and covered them from the flying spray as much as possible, and then took my seat amidships to use the bailer. I did not rest over five minutes at a time from midnight to daylight, and when day finally broke and I looked about me, my heart was like lead. The gale still held off shore, with no sign that it might change or abate, and the ocean around me was a boiling caldron. The yawl was riding like a cork, however, and the only water taken in came from the wave crests broken off and hurled at us by the wind. When the people finally crawled out I hardly knew them. All were pale, hollow eyed and despairing, while Mr. Howe had a look upon his face which made me stare at him. It was a look of mortal fear and desperation, and I realized that his mind was going. The poor women didn't seem to notice it, having so much trouble of their own, but little Ben did, and he crept over to me and whispered.

"Please, Jack, but you won't let papa touch me, will you?"

I began to call out in a cheerful voice that the gale was abating, and that we were all right, but Howe only looked at me in a cunning, crafty way, as if he meditated some trick. I got out the provisions, roused up the women, and forced them to sip the wine and eat a little. The gentleman refused to partake with us, and by and by the women began to notice his strange actions. This brought about a climax. I saw him looking steadfastly at his wife, and I carefully moved nearer to her. One of the girls changed her position further aft, fearing that a struggle was about to take place, and I turned and extended my hand to steady her. As I did so Howe uttered a sort of scream, sprang upon and seized his wife, and, though I clutched her skirts, the fabric tore, and both went overboard and out of sight in an instant. Neither one rose to the surface, or, if they did, they were far beyond reach. The sudden and awful tragedy deeply affected us all, and the girls flung themselves down and could not be roused up again until afternoon. Ben didn't realize it so deeply, but it was like a dagger at my heart to see him sitting with closed eyes and white face, and his lips framing the words of the Lord's prayer now and then.

At noon the wind and sea began to go down and the sky to clear up. The gale had blown itself out, and I now considered it only a question of time when we should sight the coast. The better state of affairs brought new life to the girls, and I was glad to have them rouse up and show some signs of life. A rough man like me is no real comforter to one in distress, but I did the best I could, and finally got them interested in the question of saving themselves. By 5 o'clock I got in the drag, shook one reef out of the sail, and stood off on a southwest tack, but before I had made five miles the wind died out entirely and we were left tumbling on the last of the sea. Night came on as mild and balmy as you please, the ocean grew quiet, and every one of us lay down and slept the whole night through without a break. I was the first up, and the minute I saw the sky I groaned in despair. It portended a hot day and a dead calm, and both followed. Even before breakfast I had to make a shift to get some shelter from the blazing sun, and when I came to overhaul the provisions my face so betrayed my feelings that the younger girl cried out:

"Oh! Jack, but what has happened now?"

I could have eaten and drank all we had in five minutes. I had not filled the water keg to its capacity, and even some that I did put in had leaked out by way of the bung. I had to tell them that we must put ourselves on allowance, and hardly more than a crumb at that, but they cheerfully accepted the situation. I am not going into the details of the next week. For seven successive days we had dead calm or a contrary breeze, which was of little use to help us beat up. We spun the water and provisions out for four days, and then we had nothing left. By resorting to those expedients known to sailors we kept hunger and thirst in abeyance until the evening of the sixth day. Then the three wailed and wept, and I took off my cowhide shoes and cut one into strips for us to chew at. There was some slight relief, and the three only called out in their troubled sleep a few times. We had only the leather all day of the seventh, and on the morning of the eighth, although a favorable breeze was blowing, and we all felt in better spirits, I had to cut up the other shoe. Little Ben was now reduced to a bundle of bones, and he had the glassy eyes which go with a fever, while the girls were burned and freckled and starved until I could not bear to look at them. Both were looking ahead in a vacant, uncanny way, and Ben was resting in my arms while I steered, when we ran straight across the course of a trader coming up from New Zealand, and were picked up.

Being a young man, and a tough one, it wasn't a fortnight before I was my old self again, but the girls and the boy were down with fever for a month or more, and were a whole year in being restored to health.—New York Sun.

Wife (of miser)—Yes, I met Mrs. Smith this morning, and in return for her insults I heaped coals of fire on her head.

Miser—You should not have done so; coal is seven dollars a ton now.—Harper's Bazar.

Then It Stopped.

A few days ago a queer old codger in a town in Rhode Island drew his $28,000 out of a local bank because he dreamed that the bank was going to burst. A large crowd assembled to guy him and call him a crank, but he drew it out just the same. Next day the bank went sky high, and the way the folks stopped laughing produced an awful silence for ten miles around.—Detroit Free Press

These Cats Could Open Doors.

Dr. H. B. Shank, of Lansing, Mich., owned a cat that had learned to open the doors that were secured with a latch, and all her descendants inherited the same peculiarity while another family of cats, brought up with them, did not learn the trick, although they had sufficient intelligence to ask the assistance of their more expert friends when they wanted a door opened.—Detroit Tribune.

SAM SINBAD A SAILOR.

HE ASTOUNDS A NUMBER OF CHICAGOANS ON A STREET CAR.

Stolen from Home When Five Years of Age, He Visits Every Country on the Globe—Slaver, Millionaire and Philosopher—Now Living in Michigan.

Car No. 84 on the south side cable stopped a moment on Wabash avenue at the corner of Randolph street and took on board a tall, straight old man, whose long gray beard swept almost to his waist, but whose bright eye and upright bearing spoke the man of maturity, not decrepitude. At State street, as the car rounded into the loop, a second old man, evidently a farmer, stepped on board and took a seat by the ancient of days. As the train passed on around into Wabash avenue again perhaps a dozen others got on the car, all well dressed and clearly moving in an element aside from that of the two strange characters who sat side by side. The old man moved up to his farmer companion and the two fell to talking quietly until Havlin's theatre was reached. The car stopped and several persons got out to join the crowd pressing into the foyer.

HAD VISITED THEATRES.

"Lots of folks going in there who can't pay their rent," said the ancient. "Lots of 'em don't own the clo's on their back. Got to take 'em home to-morrow and pay rent on 'em."

"Did you ever visit a theatre?" asked the farmer in an effort to be agreeable.

"Yes," said Longbeard, and then after a pause he added, "I've been to a theatre in Hong Kong." He shifted his legs, and bent his eyes kindly on the farmer as a man who knew he had struck hard and was willing to give the victim time to recover.

"Hong Kong in Japan?" asked the farmer, dazed a little, yet hoping his companion meant some city near home.

"No, Hong Kong ain't in Japan; it's in China," said the other. "And I've been to a theatre in Tokio, too; that's in Japan; and in Calcutta."

"Well, you've traveled," said the farmer.

"Yes, I've been to shows in Paris and London and Liverpool and Leghorn and Alexandria; and I've been to shows—not theatres, but the best they had—on the east coast of Africa, and in Melbourne, Australia and Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and I've seen the shows in the Chinese quarter in San Francisco."

Several gentlemen bent forward and fired questions at the old man. He was in no wise disturbed; he looked calmly, kindly on them all, and met every thrust with a precision which showed, "rocky" as he looked, that he had either been over the ground or had studied his story wonderfully well.

"On what ship did you sail to Paris?" asked one of the first.

"Paris ain't no seaport," said the ancient. "I traveled there in 1830 in a diligence. We call 'em omnibuses."

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-nine. I was born in 1810 in Wilton, a little town in New York state, on the edge of an Indian reservation.

In May, 1815, my father's brother, who was a sailor, took me for a walk in the woods, and I didn't get back till 1835. He carried me to New York and put me on board a vessel to Liverpool, that he had shipped on for a three years' voyage.

We never reached New York for seven years, and then I had a good chance to ship again and went off without going home. But I always recollected my folks and where I used to live, and how old I was when uncle took me away.

I learned to read on shipboard and used to get books and read about strange countries. Then I would talk to sailors, and when a voyage was over I would ship on some craft going where I wanted to go. That way I learned pretty near all languages. Any of you talk French?"

The lady did, and he proved to her his claim to a mastery of that tongue.

"Anybody talk Russian, or Spanish, or German?"

The lady tried him in Spanish and a gentleman present approved his German. The other languages had to be taken on trust, but the passengers exchanged glances eloquent of faith in the ancient.

ONE OF MEACHAM'S HEIRS.

"In 1837," he continued, "I drifted down to New Orleans, and old man Meacham there, a rich old slave dealer—you've all read about him—was getting up a crew for the slave trade, and I shipped with him. He wanted only choice men and he got 'em. He paid every one the best wages for able seamen, and besides that arranged that each one who stayed with him five years should get $200,000 from his estate when he died.

"Old Meacham died three years after he hired his crew, and only two fellows stayed in his service till the five years were up. They had got good pay for their work, and got good offers to ship again, and they left and went. I stayed the five years, and got the $200,000 he left me in his will. I went into business for myself then—built a boat for $100,000 and carried passengers to France and England. I wouldn't carry a ton of freight for no money, and my packet was the finest thing that ever floated out of New Orleans. Passengers had to pay for it, though, and I made a heap of money. In 1844 I built the first ironclad boat that was ever put up in Boston. It was before the day of metal bottoms, but I spent $47,000 in iron plates half an inch thick on that boat. She run all right, but she ran into an iceberg in a fog bank off Newfoundland in 1846, and was sunk with crew, passengers and cargo.

"I've built many a vessel in my time, and made a heap of money. I was in the Red sea trade till I lost a square rigged ship there. I've lost one ship in the Atlantic, two in the Pacific, one in the Red sea and three in the Mississippi river.

"Where do you live now?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Benton Harbor, Mich. Nice town, too. Just drifted there. Got some money left, but I've lost a heap."

The end of the trip had been reached. The lady had left the car some blocks back, and only three gentlemen stood beside him. The old man turned to go.

"I'm stopping till Tuesday at 2726 Calumet avenue. You can find out there I'm telling the truth. But you young men look here," and he grasped the two nearest him with a vigor that would have done credit to half his years, "I'm old enough to be your grandfather, and I never drank, chewed nor smoked, but I've seen more life in more lands, had more fun and more trouble than all three of you'll ever know about. But take my advice and don't drift."—Chicago Herald.

Lotus Roots Purify Water.

Indian Engineering states that a large basket of the roots of the lotus has been received by the municipality of Bangalore from Tanjore, and is planted out in the beds of the tanks in the station. This aquatic plant is one of the best water purifiers known. It rapidly oxygenerates the water, and, ridding it of its dead organic matter, brings it into a healthy condition. The presence of such like aquatic plants in reservoirs is said to diminish evaporation.

An Unlucky Man.

Widow—My husband was killed in a railroad accident, but he had insured himself in an accident company before setting out on his journey, and I got $5,000.

Traveling Man's Wife—So does my John always insure himself before starting out; but it's all nonsense, I tell him, for he never had any luck in his life.—Exchange.

GERMAN PEASANT LIFE.

HOW THE PEOPLE IN FATHERLAND PASS AWAY THE TIME.

Little Settlements That Seem Like One Family—An Industrious and Modest People—Hand-to-Mouth Existence—In the Merry Springtime.

There is something picturesque and romantic about the life of a German peasant. At least every one but the peasant himself sees it in this light. You look at a pretty picture in a gallery and see the country people gracefully grouped at a rustic wedding. You hurry by in a train and catch sight of them in their provincial and quaint costumes, digging peat or making hay. You stroll into the country and watch them eat their midday meal in the shade of some tree. It is all picturesque certainly, but in every case you see only one side.

The peasants never live in isolated houses about their farms. They come together and form a little settlement, sometimes not more than a dozen buildings in all. So it is not infrequent to see a small valley thickly dotted with these dorfs, or villages, which, if put together, would make a small town only. One of these villages is seen to the best advantage at twilight in summer. Everybody is back from the day's work in the fields, and the place is now as full of life as it was deserted at noon. For then only the grandmothers and grandfathers, whose eyesight is dimmed or their joints rheumatic, stay at home, and tell their young descendants the wonderful stories of witches and hobgoblins which they heard under similar circumstances from their grandfathers and grandmothers years and years ago.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

By dusk the peasants have already eaten their supper. The men lie about and smoke their long pipes, the women make their knitting needles fly while there is light, and the children play the identical game that their parents played before them, where they join hands in a wide circle, sing, and act the pantomime of the courtship of a soldier and a peasant girl.

By sunrise the entire population is up and out in the fields. Not only does the man shoulder a hoe or a scythe, but the woman falls in and works as well. Entire families, except only the very aged, go out. Children a few months old, who have no decrepit relatives in the dorf to keep an eye upon them until evening, are carried out by the mothers and left under the shade of a neighboring tree.

Boys and girls are obliged to attend school until they are 17, and if they do not the parents are fined. In the busiest parts of the summer—the season for gathering hops, making hay and other stated times—a vacation is given that the children may help in the fields. But during any of these seasons, if it should set in and rain, with no prospect of abating soon, school is called again and continued during the wet weather. Then the teacher lays aside his ferrule until the crops are in. The laborers carry out their food for the day with them. The peasants live almost entirely on grain food and cheese. Milk and butter they exchange for other more necessary and less luxurious articles.

A great epoch in every German's life, and especially the German peasant's, is the service in the great standing army. Every man who is sound in body and not deformed must serve three years. Money or influence will not exempt a man from this iron law. In case he attends the university he shortens his time to one year. It is seldom, however, that the peasant lad goes further than the school, so that three years are taken from the most active period of his life.

During the winter the peasants are not so busy as when planting and gathering their crops. When the snow lies thick on the fields the men thrash out the grain and the women spin and weave the flax, which they grow themselves. Out of the long rolls of this heavy gray linen they make clothes and articles necessary for domestic use. A great part of it, too, they store away for their children, who, in their turn, preserve it for theirs, so that quantities are handed down from mother to daughter, like the usual heirlooms of pewter tankards and spinning wheels.

THE WEDDING.

One of the customs among the peasantry which does not confine itself to any special season, although in accordance with the time-worn law is more prevalent in spring, is a wedding. And the preliminary arrangements are somewhat complicated. Every girl is expected to have her dowry, consisting in any case of an entire household equipment, from enormous feather beds to knives and forks. The young woman who comes without this supply generally feels pretty much ashamed of herself, and the husband does not receive her with such joy as if she came ladened with a complete housekeeping outfit. When a couple have decided to travel on through life together the respective parents, in solemn family conclave, arrange the details of the young lady's portion.

The peasants live in the present and do not waste time in sentimentalizing about old ruins and historic spots near them. It sometimes happens a tourist comes across an old cloister that flourished a thousand years ago, now, perhaps, turned into a wayside inn. He asks one of the peasants, "How old is this place?"

"I don't know," is the stolid answer.

"Was it not a monastery formerly?"

"I shouldn't wonder, but I don't know."

"That is a fine old chapel," continues the traveler enthusiastically.

"Oh, yes," returns the native, waking up. "It's the best place for many a mile about to keep the milk cool and the eggs fresh."

Most of these peasants lead a hard hand-to-mouth existence. They earn a pittance in the summer which barely enables them to eke out an existence through the winter. Their life seems almost unendurable, but it appears so to the stranger only. They are hardy, sunburned men and women, and their close intimacy with nature and dependence on her give them healthier and happier moral and physical tone than a corresponding class who live in cities.—New York Mail and Express.

PERSIA'S BABISM.

The New Religion That Is Wrestling with the Faith of Islam.

The following is a brief but genuine account of the origin, growth and present status of the new religion called Babism, a form of faith which, we are assured by Jean Cahagnet, a writer and traveler just returned from Persia, seems likely ere long to supersede all the other forms of belief prevailing in that land. M. Cahagnet kindly translated and furnished the editor with the following sketch from the forthcoming work on the religious beliefs of Persia:

It appears that a new religious sect has since 1843 been organizing in central Asia, and has now become a powerful opponent to Mohammed's adherents. Fortunately for the progress of the world, the founder, Mirza Ali-Mohammed, seems to have been in advance of both Judaism and Islamism, having imitated neither the intolerance and self righteousness of the former nor the fatalistic creed of the latter. This must be attributed to the character of its founder, who, when only 18 years of age, began his missionary work, for which he was qualified by natural genius, also by earnest inquiry into the Scriptures, the Koran, and by discussion with the Jews of his country.

He is described as a young man of imposing aspect and charming features, gaining the admiration of his hearers by his personal attractions and the charm of his eloquence. His life is in strict accordance with his doctrines, which are remarkable for their tenderness, humanity and sympathy.

After having paid a visit to Mecca he published a commentary on a part of the Koran, which audacity was a total breach of ancient customs, the much more so because he therein introduced some novel doctrines. From that time he began to preach in public with enormous success, and declared himself to be the "Bab," i. e., the "door," through which one arriveth at the knowledge of God. The Islam priests could no longer ignore the agitation caused by this young preacher, so after having been ignominiously defeated by him at a public conference, they arranged an appeal to the civil power. Bab and his followers suffered persecution, and this proved the beginning of the spread of Babism. Missionaries were sent to Ispahan, to the north and west districts, and everywhere they met with grand success, though constantly persecuted by the clergy and the king's agents, until they decided to take up arms. The war raged in Persia with alternate successes and defeats of the reformers. Finally Bab was captured and put to death as he was trying to make his escape.

The government then considered the question settled forever. The new religion, however, did not depend on the presence of Bab, three-quarters of his adherents never having seen him, and another Bab was nominated, to whom the believers declared the crown of Persia legitimately belonged. The persecutions continued, and the punishment of the captives was beyond measure cruel. Women and children fearlessly marched to their execution, and seemed to rival each other in hopeful and courageous resignation, singing this verse: "Yes, truly we have come from God, and now return to him." These spectacles, far from ruining the prospects of the new sect, gained them many partisans, and the new Bab, who at present resides in Bagdad, is only waiting for an opportunity to conquer by arms the Persia whose faith he has already subdued. Perhaps we shall witness one day the ruin of the Persian dynasty and see Mohammed's religion defeated in the countries of central Asia.

Babism is a return to the ancient Pantheism, presented in a novel and attractive form, and when Bab said, "God is the absolute being, beside whom nothing exists; all beings are but feeble emanations from his omnipotence; on the day of judgment you shall be united to him," he only reawakened and restored the old sentiment that has been dormant for centuries. Its adherents include the foremost of Persian clergy and dignitaries, as well as philosophers and poets. Babism has much of the oriental form of worship, but it teaches charity, peace and monogamy. It has a tendency to lay a foundation for family life, so little known in the east, and gives to woman a higher and nobler sphere of action.

A sect which in a few years caused such a revolution in a country where neither railways, letter post, nor newspapers existed, and that has taken such a great step in advance of other orientals, must needs impress us with the hope of a better and greater future for eastern countries.—Two Worlds.

The Deepest Hole.

Some one has ventured the very bold suggestion that as the French have raised the highest tower it is for us to dig the deepest hole. The spot marked out for the experiment is the site of the 1851 exhibition in Hyde Park. There would be a staircase round the hole, a shaft in the center and the whole would be lighted by electricity. In each strata there should be an excavated museum with specimens of the minerals, fossils, etc. This would settle the question as to a coal deposit under London, also supposing the granite to be of aqueous formation. By cutting through it we should reach the floor of the earth, and if it should be found that the precious metals are found en masse, we should startle the world as did Christopher Columbus of old. Many other interesting questions as to the increasing weight and heat of the air, as to the state of the earth's center, the utilization of hot springs, the cause of volcanoes and earthquakes, etc., etc., might be satisfactorily answered.—London Fireside News.

Table Philosophy.

A sick palate is beyond the reach of physic.

Uneasy fits the coat the stomach pays for.

When dinner and appetite fall out it is time for arbitration.

The first lesson in dyspepsia is a surprise to him who thinks he knows everything.

There is little choice between a dinner with no appetite and an appetite with no dinner.

Poverty is an unpleasant dose, but it would be a sure remedy for many ills of the rich.

Mix your remembrance of a good dinner with a little gratitude to heaven and the host.

True charity warms the heart of him that gives and him that takes; the other sort is more chilling than cold soup.

The life of the dinner lieth in deliberation; the death of the diner may lurk in the lack of it.

The appetite is a tool of nature's tempering; if you will listen to her and reason you may learn the best way to sharpen it.—Joseph Whitton in Table Talk.

Two Gravediggers.

At Biddeford, Me., two men—one a small, slender person, and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of 300 pounds—were employed by a woman to dig a grave on her family lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware the excavation was so deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed, and after quite a struggle the big one was once more on the top. In payment for their services the woman a short time after gave each of the two men five quarts of gray beans—enough to keep them out of the ground for quite a while, if it came to the worst.—Exchange.

Bits of Wisdom.

Homely people make the best friends.

The more wealth a man has the louder his children talk.

No girl likes to be seen carrying a corset-box on the street.

A loafer has no right that a busy man is bound to respect.

When a man sees a door marked "Private" he wants to open it.

You can't realize how few dollars there are in a $5 bill until you break it.

When you see some children you at once begin to doubt the good sense of their parents.

Carry a dollar and a nickel in a pocket with a hole in it and you will lose the dollar and save the nickel.

The beauty of having children in the house is that whenever you want small change you can always find it in the children's bank.

A woman believes that there is nothing that the Lord will forgive more readily than the sewing of a button on an angry husband's shirt Sunday.

We feel sorry for a boy. To be a boy of 14 or 15 means to be the occupant of the worst old lumber room in the house. If there is any money spent on decoration it is in the girl's room, because the girls are supposed to like pretty things and boys are "rough." The average boy carries a feeling of neglect away down in his heart, and this feeling often results in bad boys.—Atchison Globe.

Green Haired Men in Nevada.

There is a curious effect wrought on the hair and beard of men engaged in the Martin White mine at Ward. The ore is roasted, but no disagreeable perfumes arise from the heating process, yet there is some unknown substance that changes the hair, beard and eyebrows as green as grass. The hair is not injured, but retains its softness and gloss. It is probable that fumes of the green tint of copper contained in the ore change the hair to that color.—Virginia City Chronicle.

Country of the Upper Nile.

For the first 500 or 600 miles of its course, from the Victoria Nyanza to a point somewhere north of Lado, the Nile is known to the Arabs as the Bahr-el-Gebel, the River of the Mountains. This is the most beautiful part of the river. The country is diversified with mountains and forests, green hillsides and bright brooks. For stretches of many miles the river is broad and slow. In other parts are wooded islands and foaming rapids. About half way between the Victoria Nyanza and Lado the Nile flows through the northern end of the Albert Nyanza. About twenty-five miles above the Albert lake are the Murchison falls. Below the lake for more than 100 miles, the stream is broad and placid, traversing a comparatively level country and always navigable for vessels drawing four or five feet. In this part of its course, about forty miles below the Albert lake, it passes Wadelai.—Col. H. G. Prout in Scribner.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Fat people get plenty of suggestions as to how they may reduce their flesh, but as there are more thin people than fat in the world, a word of advice to them may not be out of place. According to excellent authority, they must sleep all they can; keep early hours for retiring; lie down in the middle of the day; drink a great deal of water; eat heartily, especially of farinaceous food; take plenty of exercise, but in moderation. Be cheerful. Sterne says that "every time a man laughs, he adds something to his life." And, according to Solomon, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Follow the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat."

Solid Sulphuric Acid.

A German patent has been taken out for a process of transporting sulphuric acid in a solid state. Certain salts—such as alkaline sulphates—give up their water of crystallization when heated, and take it up again when cool, and such a salt is mixed in an anhydrous condition with a calculated quantity of the acid. The mixture becomes granular, or may be formed into cakes, and when heated the whole liquefies, and may be used as ordinary sulphuric acid, the presence of the bisulphate of soda or like salt having no effect.—Exchange.

A Constant Struggle.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said Jinks. "In many cases it is something to be proud of."

"Yes," replied Jones. "It's a constant struggle with me to keep my pride down."—Merchant Traveler.

Her Forgiveness.

"You have played me false," she cried, "and I'll cast you off forever."

"Speak not hastily, love," he returned. "If you won't let me come to see you any more I'll destroy myself."

"I don't care," she replied, jealously. "If you kill yourself that hateful Carrie can't marry you."

"Of course not. But you see my life is insured for twenty thousand and I have fixed it so that she will get the money on my death."

"In that case, dear," she sobbed, "let us kiss and make up."—Epoch.

THE PUBLIC WILL APPRECIATE IT

The public are indebted to the Royal Baking Powder Company not more for having perfected and prepared a leavening agent that is pure and wholesome beyond a question than for its exposures, so boldly made, of the numerous impure, adulterated and injurious articles that are sold under the name of baking powders, bread preparations, etc., throughout the country. In making these exposures the company has, of course, made itself the target for all sorts of counter attacks, but the animus of these attacks has been perfectly understood by the general public, and by their very virulence have served to more prominently call attention to the good work of the "Royal" Company.

Ordinary adulterations such as are found in coffee, spices, etc., although they are swindles in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer. But when an article like baking powder, that is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious if not rankly poisonous elements into our daily food, it is the public authorities to take cognizance of it.

In this fight for pure food made by the "Royal" Company, it is to be noticed that the most trustworthy scientific authorities are emphatically upon its side. In all the contests of this company with the alum and other impure baking powders the result has proved that every statement made by the Royal Baking Powder Company, both as to the purity of its own and the adulteration of other baking powders of the market, was fully authorized by the most competent chemical and medical authorities of the country.

In this contest two facts have been pretty conclusively settled in the minds of the public—the first that the Royal Company has found the means, and uses them, to make a chemically pure article of food; and the other that the market is full of poisonous, alum and other adulterated baking powders which, no matter how strongly endorsed by "commercial" chemists, are to be studiously avoided.

A pure baking powder is one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. The recent controversy in the press has left it no longer a question with those who desire purity and wholesomeness of food what baking powder they shall use.



GORMANDIZING,

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To immediately relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects. If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in the morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the "Pellets" with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

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Then people all should bear in mind
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The system most in danger lies,
Absorbing then both swift and sure
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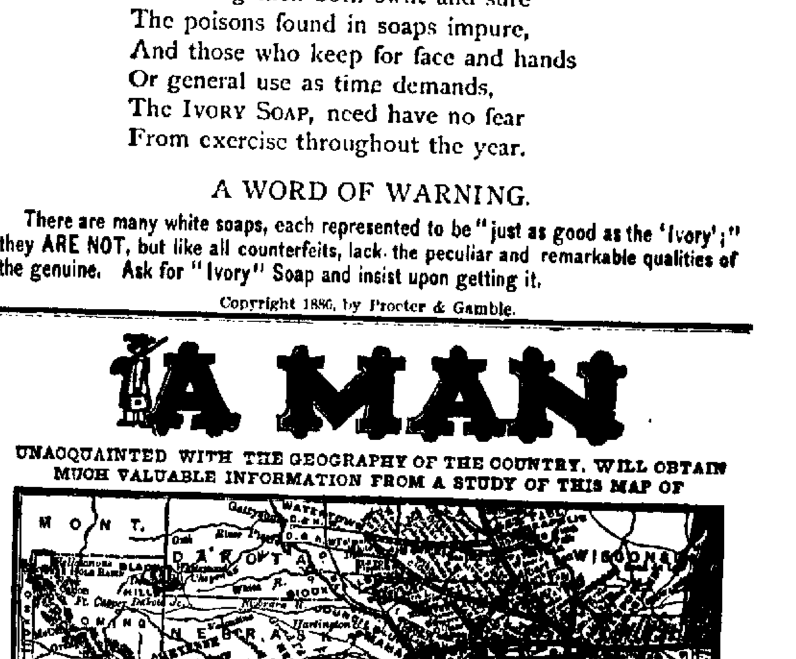
A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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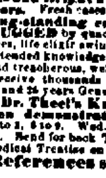
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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889

The New York Tribune remarks that the sultan is really a person of considerable influence in Turkey.

When you make a speech away from home, don't put too much learning into it, or the funny men of the newspapers will begin to cry at you, Encyclopedia!

Fashion note: Tender hearted ladies, who would faint at sight of the cook killing a chicken for dinner, are still wearing anywhere from one to six birds on their hats.

The professors who preside over the destinies of the Harvard Annex for women report that they cannot always supply the requests for women teachers who have taken the full course there, so great the demand is.

The movement to have 24 o'clock once a day, instead of 12 o'clock twice a day, is still struggling for life. This style of naming the hours is in use on the Canadian railways over a distance of 3,257 miles, but somehow it travels no farther south.

Henry George says in his paper, The Standard: "I know that the most pressing of political reforms has been initiated, and that what we have called the Australian ballot system must in the immediate future become the American system."

If the proposed national election law should really be brought up in the next congress, the country will witness one of the hottest fights it has seen since the war. Here will really be a burning question, sufficient to call forth all that latent congressional eloquence the tariff discussion could not kindle. It has been a good while since there was a really lively time in congress.

Colored people do not deny that there has been founded among them a league, a great and far reaching trust, as it were. They bind themselves by a cast-iron oath to hang together to a man, and to give their votes to that party which shall do most for them. The object of the league is to secure recognition politically and civilly. They declare they will know no Democrat, no Republican, but only the negro, till all their rights are secured. It now remains to be seen whether the black man has the backbone to keep his word.

The Three Greatest Trotters.

Robert Bonner owns two of them, the oldest and youngest. Maud S, the greatest trotter in the world, made her mile in 2.08¾ when she was eleven years old. She is now between fifteen and sixteen. The world's second greatest trotter is the horse Jay Eye See, that did his mile in 2:10 when he was six years old.

California is acknowledged to be a fast state on general principles, and the style is extending to her horseflesh to such an extent that the Blue Grass region of Kentucky must look to its laurels as a breeder of racing stock. The third greatest trotter alive is the three-year-old California filly Sunol, that has just made her mile in 2:10¼, the greatest speed ever attained by a three-year-old trotter.

Robert Bonner, in buying this California prodigy, says he paid more for her than he ever did for a horse before. The sum must be a large one, since he paid Vanderbilt $40,000 for Maud S.

The absorbing horse question now is: Will Sunol be able to beat Maud S's record? If she can, however, it will merely be Bonner against Bonner. But if the 2.08¾ time is beaten, one may well ask where this lowering of the trotting record will stop? May not a horse eventually trot a mile a minute? It is of especial interest to note that the three greatest trotters, Maud S, Jay Eye See and Sunol, are all of the same blood and closely related.

The Art of Remembering.

By the time you are thirty-five or forty years old, don't say to yourself, I am getting on in years, my memory is not as good as it used to be. There is no surer way in life to destroy your memory than to encourage the notion in your head that you are losing it. Men and women can retain their memories perfectly to the age of a hundred, if they train them properly.

First, trust to your memory. Don't put every little thing down on paper. To do this is to destroy the power of recollection. The art of printing not only injured the eyesight of the race, it is also in a fair way to ruin their memories. Everything is put upon paper instead of being held in the memory.

When you go shopping, do not make a memorandum on paper of every scrap you want. Hold it in your memory, and make that faculty do its proper work. Suppose you do forget half you wanted, the first time you try it. Try it again and again, and after a while you will not forget. It is infinitely easier to carry things in your head than have the bother of a memorandum paper.

Don't hurry, and get your brain all stirred up like a disturbed hornet's nest. Keep your head on under all circumstances. If you have a dozen things to do, take up one. Begin it, and on no account leave it till you have finished it. Then begin another, and go through that systematically in the same way. When all are done you will be astonished to find how much you have accomplished.

A hurried state of mind is death and destruction to the memory. This is a wise old saying: Hurry is from hell.

A committee of Philadelphia citizens are to ask the United States government to confer with Russia, and see if something cannot be done to better the condition of the suffering exiles of Siberia. It will be interesting to know just how the Russian bear will take this international meddling with the internal affairs of his den. His private expressions of opinion on the subject of American cheek would be still more interesting.

Cost of a Great Newspaper.

In an interesting paper in Lippincott's Magazine Melville Phillips figures out the cost of one of those mammoth journals of the present that take a whole day to read them thoroughly, when anybody does read them.

The paper bills are the item of greatest cost, though it hardly seems so. A daily of the largest size, with an average circulation of say 75,000, costs $1,000 a day, or nearly that, for paper alone. For the ten and twelve page dailies the composition bills are $6,000 weekly.

What may be called the brains component of a newspaper is, strange to say, the least item of its cost. Many a hard working day and night reporter on a newspaper is not paid weekly as much by a third or fourth as the printer who weaves into type the spinnings of his brain. There are journals, highly successful ones too, that pay their compositors four or five thousand dollars a week and their editorial writers less than a hundred. On the other side are journals that pay as much as $1,000 weekly for editorial writing. The best paid writer of this class in the Union is said to be Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, of The New York Sun. In connection with this it may be said that the excellence of The Sun's editorial page is noted among newspaper people.

Another item of expense unknown to the old-time journal is the telegraph news service. Papers like the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Cincinnati Enquirer, Philadelphia Press, New York World and several other New York papers pay anywhere from $500 to $1,200 weekly for telegraph news from all parts of the world. Some of the papers that pay the least for editorial writing go to the heaviest expense for telegraph news. Large newspapers pay reporters $15 to $25 a week, and the city editor $35 to $60 weekly, and have a staff of from ten to twenty-five reporters.

Each of the great newspapers has its own telegraph office under its own roof, with from two to five persons who receive the news, night and day, and edit it for publication. The syndicate idea is now utilized to its furthest extreme, both in news and correspondence, by journals in different cities clubbing together and paying in partnership for matter each can use in its own place. The managing editor of a large journal gets $50 to $60 a week. It is said that Mr. John A. Cockerill, managing editor of The New York World, is paid $20,000 a year. Summed all up, our largest newspapers cost a million dollars annually, and sometimes more than that.

Troubled Theology.

It cannot be concealed that two great questions are now agitating the religious world. One of these is the Calvinistic doctrine of election and foreordination. There are communicants of the Presbyterian church, devout Christians, who find it difficult to believe that certain of their fellow men are foreordained from the foundations of the world to be damned, while others are elected to be saved.

The other burning question is one that is causing deep and anxious thought in various Protestant denominations. It concerns the state of man after death. Is the punishment of the evil doer eternal, or is there a time of probation allowed him after death, during which, by suffering and penitence, he can atone in a measure for the sins committed in the body, and after purgation be fitted for the joys of heaven? The latter view is, in fact, a departure from the belief in eternal punishment, and is called the doctrine of future probation. It is an oriental and Roman Catholic tenet, and many learned and devout Protestants have given their adherence to it. That the subject is stirring the Episcopal church was shown in the animated discussion on a form of prayer for the dead which was proposed, but not adopted, among the changes in the prayer book.

Two projects are on foot to shorten the time between Europe and America. One is to build a railway from Quebec to St. Charles bay, at the eastern extremity of Labrador. In St. Charles bay is a deep harbor, as free from ice in winter as the one at Halifax. From this far northern point a line of swift steamers would make regular trips to England. If the plan be feasible, it will shorten the time from Chicago to England two and three-fourths days. The other plan for rapid ocean transit is to land passengers from this side at Milford Haven, on the west coast of Wales, and then ship them by rail to Liverpool or elsewhere. Milford Haven would also be the point of debarkation.

Little by little electricity is coming into its kingdom as the universal motive power. In Europe two farmers have succeeded in working a threshing machine by electricity transmitted from a motor 1,000 yards away. It is said now that P. S. Bates, of York, Pa., has invented an electric motor that excels any yet discovered. It is claimed that, once started, Bates' motor will work 100,000 hours without requiring attention.

There is a deal of humbug in the way the time of ships crossing the ocean is reckoned. Liverpool steamers do not count the time from the hour they leave that city, but wait till they reach Queenstown. Then, approaching this shore, as soon as Sandy Hook is sighted the ship is considered to have crossed, although it may be half a day before she reaches her dock in New York. There never has been a ship yet that made the trip from Liverpool to New York or from New York to Liverpool in less than seven full days. The usual time for the average rapid ocean steamer is nine days.

There has been an epidemic of homicide in the country this fall that is something appalling. The family feuds, the race altercations and the personal difficulties in the south and west make up a very bloody total. The late H. V. Redfield collected statistics showing that crimes against property were more prevalent in the north and crimes against the person in the south.

The question has again come up whether the first steam vessel to cross the ocean went from America to England or came to America from England. The truth is that the honor belongs to this country. The first steamship was an American vessel, of 320 tons, that made the trip from New York to England in eighteen days. Her name was the Savannah.

The New Education.

Dr. Felix Adler is at the head of the society for ethical culture in the United States. In the October Century he gives a report of a profoundly interesting educational experiment that society has been making in New York. In 1878 Dr. Adler and his coworkers founded a free school and kindergarten. Workingmen attended the evening classes. In the day classes were their children, from 3 years old, upwards. They began with the kindergarten. The object of the training was not to fit children for any particular calling, but to educate them in an all round way, give them a development mental, moral and physical. This, in the judgment of Dr. Adler, is the ideal democratic education. Dr. Adler says:

It is the business of the school to cultivate every individual pupil as an individual; to develop, not some particular faculty, but, so far as possible, every one of his faculties; to liberate all the powers of mind and heart latent within him; so to educate him that he may become, not a breadwinner, but a man. The true man will also be an able breadwinner, but he will be much more besides. It is the business of the schools to produce the finest possible specimens of manhood and womanhood, just as the gardener aims to produce fine specimens of fruit or flowers.

Manual training is taught to children between 6 and 14. Clay, pasteboard, wood and metal are used for this purpose. Clay modeling, and the use of tools is taught. The children particularly delight in shaping the clay with their young hands. They never weary of this kind of school. Hand culture is regarded in this school as an important means towards brain culture. And a taste for beautiful objects is thus cultivated. It is not likely that boys educated in this school would wantonly mutilate and destroy beautiful works of art in public places.

The elements of science form a large part of the instruction, which is given by the laboratory method. Pupils are carefully trained in geometry and drawing. Manual labor alternates with mental, so that there come to the pupil neither headaches nor backaches. A very pleasant result of the system is that pupils who would be hopeless dunces at their books often lead the manual training classes. As far as possible the instruction is given without text books, thus going back to the system of Socrates. A plan of moral education has been carefully prepared, inculcating those moral truths on which all men are agreed.

Profoundly interesting it will be to watch the future career of these tenement house children, of whom the Society of Ethical Culture seek to make all-round men and women.

The Happiest Royal Family.

The Greeks have an ancient prophecy that when there shall arise in their country an emperor named Constantine, whose wife shall be Sophia, then shall be restored Christian rule to Constantinople and Christian worship to the mosque of St. Sophia. The name of the Duke of Sparta, heir to the throne of Greece, is Constantine, and by his marriage to the sister of the German emperor he gets a wife named Sophia.

Meantime, if the young Duke of Sparta is as happy in his domestic life as his father and mother have been, he will be fortunate and happy whether he ever fulfills the prophecy or not. A newspaper correspondent gives a delightful sketch of the simple democratic life of King George and Queen Olga. It is simpler in some respects than that of an American president. Their majesties walk about the streets unattended, as Lincoln used to do. They are devoted to each other, and seem as happy as the day is long. So far as known, not even a whisper of a skeleton in their cupboard has ever reached the public. They are handsome, healthy, and they love each other, and their people are devoted to them. King George and his queen are both fond of athletic and outdoor exercises, in which they excel. The king spends much time in his office, hard at work as any clerk. After office hours he frequently walks in suddenly on some of his heads of departments in the following fashion:

Good morning, Mr Postmaster. I have come to see what is wrong with our foreign mails. They don't seem to get distributed as promptly as they should. Or at the jail. Ah, Mr Sheriff, how do you do? They tell me that the prisoners don't get enough to eat. How about it? Just let me go in and see them at dinner, will you?

It is announced with the utmost gravity that the 5½-foot infant giraffe at Cincinnati is the first one ever born in captivity in America. Might one ask, without any offense, as it were, when there was a giraffe born in America out of captivity?

Now that Mr. Trautweiler has hit upon it, the wonder is that nobody ever thought before of ascending inaccessible mountains by tunneling up through the inside of them. Mr. Trautweiler has applied to the Swiss government for a permit to build an underground railway up the Jungfrau mountain. It will reap as great a harvest from tourists as the Eiffel tower has done.

It has long been thought that Chicago was a gassy city. But nobody supposed the gas had struck in. There can be no doubt of the fact, however, since a vein of natural gas shot up from under the lake bed, caught fire from a lamp carried by some laborers employed in tunneling for the new water works and seriously burned the men. Doubtless the gas has been accumulating under there since the first real estate boom in Chicago, until now there is probably enough to supply the whole city with heat and light from this first class article of home manufacture.

Green Goods and Green People.

The newspapers have done their best to enlighten the stranger on the ways that abound for taking him in, but somehow it does seem as though there were just as many fools as ever. A fellow calling himself Charles Wilson, of Hoboken, N. J., has been practicing on the innocent gullibles of Alabama and Georgia, chiefly, in a way to make angels weep. By means known to rogues, he secured numbers of names of country people, and some not from the country, and then sent them circulars informing them that for $1 he would send them $10 worth of counterfeit money, good enough to deceive even the very elect. It was quite surprising the number of virtuous citizens who bit at the bait. The scamp had even given the name of a reliable Philadelphia firm for reference. The honest but too confiding citizens who were not averse to increasing their wealth by passing "green goods" on their neighbors, sent their honest dollars and got of course nothing, or a package of old newspapers in return. Then they really thought they had been badly used, although the unprejudiced verdict of their fellow countrymen would be that they were served right.

"Don't monkey with bricks," says The Germantown Independent.

When a man offers to sell you a gold brick for $9.41, don't invest. Also, when you see an innocent looking old hat on the pavement bearing the sear marks of age and hard usage, don't kick it. It is pretty sure to have the largest and hardest brick baked this season under it. This brick business all around is a pretty bad sell.

Ocean Tragedies of September.

The tragedy of the ill fated steamer Earnmoor, of the Earn line, is one that might well figure in a master sea story by a fiction writer. Twenty-five men started merrily out in the steamer Earnmoor, from Philadelphia, about the 1st of September. Oct. 21 seven weak, broken men returned again to Philadelphia, all that remained of the brave crew of the Earnmoor. She was caught in the September cyclone on the 5th of the month and foundered. The captain and thirteen men went down with her. Eleven took the lifeboat, hoisted their coats upon an oar for a sail, and so rode the tremendous seas. Twenty days they were in this open boat on the ocean.

All they ate during that time was a flying fish and two small sea birds, devoured raw. It seems incredible. During the twenty days there was rain three times, and the men squeezed the fresh water out of the sail into their mouths, and so quenched their thirst. On the eleventh day the engineer and mate sat alone in the stern of the boat. A man approached them with wildness in his eye.

"We have made up our minds to draw lots," said he, "to see who shall be killed and eaten to save the lives of the rest." The engineer seized the madman by the throat and told him the two in the stern of the boat would have nothing to do with this foul deed. This daunted the rest, and they were saved from adding cannibalism to the tragedies of the tale. But the madman sprang overboard and drowned himself. Three others died from exposure. How any lived is the marvel.

The same day that brought the Earnmoor survivors home, news came of another sea tragedy. The Bristol steamer Brooklyn City, on the 12th of September, rescued the starving survivors of the wrecked bark Baron Podester. They had lashed themselves to the bowsprit and squeezed drops of rain water from their clothing to stay their thirst.

But how many tragedies of the awful September cyclone will never be known?

Bacillus Suis or Micrococcus?

The hog raising farmers of this country will bless their bones that there is such a thing as science when they read the literature recently issued on the subject of swine plague. If there was ever any more illuminating body of documents published, our eyes have failed to discover it.

In 1878 two experts in the hog department of the United States government attacked the subject of swine cholera with the greatest zeal. Pretty soon one of them, Dr. Detmers, discovered that hog cholera was a germ disease, and that an infinitesimal villain, which he named the bacillus suis, was the cause of it. Then the other hog expert, Dr. Salmon, not to be outdone by his competitor, willing also to do something to earn his money, went hunting to see what he could do. In due time he, too, hatches out an infinitesimal villain, different from that of the other doctor, and he is willing to stake his reputation for learning, be the same more or less, that this is what raises the rumpus with the hogs. Dr. Salmon names his villain the micrococcus. The long and learned essays he wrote on his discovery are in the archives of the United States government.

To add to the illumination, a German scientific man prepared likewise a "Thiermedizinische Vortraege — Der Stabcher Rothlauf und die Schweineseuche." This is the state of the case, when up steps Dr. Frank S. Billings, of Lincoln, Neb., who asks for no office at the hands of his country, and who "fears no power this side the grave or beyond," and avows with all solemnity that there is no micrococcus at all, and never was; that there isn't anything but a bacillus suis.

Then the hog experts locked horns on the question so desperately that finally congress appointed a committee to find out whether the thing was a micrococcus or, after all, nothing but a bacillus suis. There was a split even in the committee over the burning question. Two reports were submitted, one for the wretched little micrococcus, the other against. So the case now stands.

The plain farmer will be interested to know that our great and glorious government recommends him to catch all his sick hogs, give them a nice warm bath of weak bichloride of mercury, and then feed them on eggs—whether eggs on toast we are not told.

We are glad to note that the author of the Thiermedizinische Vortraege is more satisfactory. He finds that infectious pneumo-enteritis is probably not capillary erysipelas.

An Interesting Decision.

A case has been in litigation in New York state which is of general interest. An old farmer, Francis B. Palmer, had a grandson, of whom he was very fond. Although he had other heirs, he made a will giving his property, worth nearly $7,000, to this boy, who was 15 years old in 1881.

The existence of the will in his favor was well known to the youth, who in his 16th year became wild and unmanageable. His grandfather admonished him that unless he mended his ways the will would yet be altered, but the warning had no effect. In 1882 the boy, then 16, became tired of waiting for his inheritance. One day he put strychnine into the old gentleman's whisky jug.

Grandfather Palmer drank the poison and died. The boy, Elmer Palmer, was arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to the Elmira reformatory. He remained in the institution three years, and the youth who murdered his grandfather to get property the fond old man had willed to him was such a good boy that at the end of that time he was discharged. Then he claimed the property he had committed murder to get. The other heirs fought the claim, and it was decided in their favor against the young man.

There was no law in the land to fit the case, but the court decided that by "unwritten law" there can be no inheritance by murder. The case may be taken as establishing a precedent. It is the first case of the kind known in this country.

Up to date 29½ causes have been found for the Republican defeat in Ohio. There are six back counties yet to hear from.

The sickening tragedy of the judicial hanging of Joseph Hillman, the murderer, at Woodbury, N. J., was never exceeded by the sickening tragedy of any murder in this country.

President Harrison is one man who believes a woman can keep a secret. He has entrusted the copying of his message to his pretty typewriter girl, when he would not trust it to any man.

Breathless Transit.

Here is a new idea sure. Recall to your mind the roller coaster machines you have seen at summer resorts, whirling down one incline and up another at fearful speed. Then recall again the toboggan slides you have seen or read about in winter and you will have the idea. Maj. Benjamin S. Henning, of New York, proposes to construct a passenger and light freight railway on this principle. The first experiment will be in the direction of securing rapid transit between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. A steep incline will be constructed on each bank of East river. Beginning at the top of the incline, the cars will shoot down it into a tunnel under the river bed. The momentum acquired will carry them across under the river and bring them to the foot of a similar incline on the other side. Here a grip cable will attach itself to them without the loss of a moment and drag them up the opposite incline. It is "estimated" that one minute will be required to make the trip from one city to the other.

What Shall It Be?

We the people who are interested in the World's fair of 1892 are trying to think of some feature which shall distinguish it. The feature must be something no World's fair ever had before, it must be something the ages will remember. Finally, it must be a device which will at once be a credit to the American people and make the spirit of Christopher Columbus feel proud that he discovered us. What shall it be?

In the national museum at Washington is a model of the only flying machine that ever flew. It will really rise in the air of itself, and make gyrations that are very suggestive of genuine air navigation. Undoubtedly in time air travel will be an accomplished fact. Now, why cannot the inventor arise who shall bring it to us for the exposition of 1892? Rapid transit through the air across the Hudson, if the fair should be held in New York—this would be a greater wonder than the Eiffel tower. It is by no means an impossible scheme. Inventors, put your wits to work. Let us have a steerable air car for 1892.

A Reminiscence.

Lucy Stone recalls in The Boston Globe some history which will cause part of the world to smile, and another, a small part, to sigh. She writes of the Bloomer dress excitement forty years ago. Gerritt Smith urged his daughter, Elizabeth Smith Miller, to design and wear the dress. The skirt reached to the knee. Below appeared full Turkish trousers, extending to the ankle. Many women hailed it as the attire which was to emancipate them from dress bondage and give them health, freedom and strength. Numbers adopted it in various parts of the country. They found it was all they expected, affording lightness, health and freedom of movement. Lucy Stone wore it among others. But wherever the women appeared they were greeted with howls and hisses.

On the streets of New York a circle of rowdy men and boys formed themselves around Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony so they could not move a step. There they held them, hooting and howling. The crowd grew larger every moment and a mob was threatened. A policeman at length extricated the ladies, and they took refuge in a carriage. Susan Anthony is brave as a lion; the other women were no cowards. Some of them had faced mobs, bad eggs, dead cats and foul names in the anti-slavery cause. But after martyrizing themselves for three years attempting to popularize the comfortable and convenient short dress the women gave it up. "The large freedom they gained for their feet bore no comparison to the bondage that beset their spirits," says Mrs. Stone. She writes:

Those who wore the bloomer costume put it on in the hope that a dress at once comfortable and useful, in which you could walk up stairs and not step on your clothes, and down stairs and not be stepped on—a dress which was still clean after the longest walk, in mud and slush, with no end less yards of cloth to brush, would commend itself

Perhaps it is with a little trace of sadness that Mrs. Stone refers to the contrast between those days and the welcome extended to Jenness Miller and her æsthetic dress reform. And still the reformer has not come who will "unfetter the feet of women, save them from draggling skirts, wet ankles, and much consequent ill health."

*Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Miscellaneous

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and

Catarrh

effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength.

Catarrh

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble." Mrs. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

ELEANOR KIRK'S GOSSIP.

BROOKLYN, November 18, 1889.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—It has always seemed to me that if preachers and lecturers and writers would have more to say concerning the utilization and enjoyment of the present hour, there might be less haste and less waste of precious time and more precious health. The housekeeper sweeps, dusts and scrubs to-day that she may be clean to-morrow. To-morrow she bakes and roasts that there may be something good to eat the next day. The next day brings its duties, and instead of getting any comfort from her hard work, she finds herself too exhausted and generally too "blue"—both of which conditions are the direct result of over-work—to enjoy anything. Now, if the average housekeeper is going to wait for her pleasure and recreation until she gets her sewing done and all her work "done up," she will never have any in this world, and to tell the truth, I am very doubtful about the other. Three-quarters of the waking hours of the majority of our housekeepers are spent in labor of one kind or another, and if one works only to get through, life resolves itself into a wearing and wicked round of trudgery. If a woman is so situated as to be obliged to make bread and pies for her family, why not accept the position gracefully and teach herself to take some comfort in these processes? To make a toothsome and digestible pie is as much work of art as to paint a picture. The trouble is not with the pies, nor so much with the disposition of the pie-maker toward the pies. It is with the amount of work which the housekeeper elects to push through. This, in nine cases out of ten, is beyond the strength of the strongest, and in seven cases out of ten, could be lightened, I believe, by application of a little common sense. For instance, to turn a house upside-down every Friday, because Friday is sweeping day, is in many instances the height of folly. A little brushing up, with a careful dusting, will often answer the whole purpose with a sixteenth part of the work. Just here many weary housekeepers will doubtless exclaim—"Oh, but I don't feel clean when the regular sweeping is not done." I haven't much patience with these drudges. With such, there is nothing to eat in the house unless there is fresh bread and pies, jelly cake and fruit cake, and so on "ad finitum" and literally "ad nauseam." I believe a woman of ordinary capacity can train herself to enjoy doing a fair amount of work. But no woman can enjoy uninterrmittent drudgery. The cry goes up from women all over the land that they have no time to read. Well, now I would make time by sweeping once in two or three weeks, and by cooking the simplest and consequently the best things for my family, and I would save money enough to buy magazines galore, and strength enough to read them with pleasure and profit. It is an outrage for an intelligent woman to have nothing to read.

Who will say that humanity is not "evoluting" when Mary Anderson makes bread, and the "divine and incomparable Patti" concocts broths and delicacies for the sick, and the daughters of the Russian aristocracy learn to use the Remington typewriter?

A correspondent of a San Francisco paper writes that—"Mental growth is nowhere so perceptible as among the women of Russia. Many of them are not only artistic in their tastes, good musicians and good artists, but they are fast learning to be useful. They sew and embroider, and not a few of the girls of the court design and really make their own dresses. There is a cooking craze in Russia, and a phonographic and type-writing craze."

I am informed that a vast number of Remington typewriters find their way to Russia, and prove an inspiration and solace to the "highly-born," and a means of support to the intelligent among the working classes.

"Constant Reader" shows by the very first line of her communication that while she may be "constant," she is certainly not correct. "I am very sorry to hear you inveigh so strongly against remedial agents, especially quinine," she writes, "quinine will break up a cold more speedily than anything else, beside being the best tonic I know of." Now, as I never have said one word against quinine, properly administered, this accusation is aggravating, to say the least. Quinine will break up a cold if administered at an early stage, but it should always be taken in capsules. The new preparation, called "Soft Soluble Capsules of Quinine Sulphate," are the best of anything I have ever tried, because as soon as they strike the stomach they are instantly dissolved, and so do their work at once and without waste. This is not the case with the ordinary pill.

To my friends who have asked about cures for deafness, and the merits of the different mechanical inventions now before the public, I am sorry to say that I have not yet found anything to fill the bill. The very old-fashioned and most hideous looking ear trumpet may have been improved upon, but I have yet to see the machine that can do it. I do not know that any of these ancient horns are now manufactured. A popular ear specialist told me the other day that many cases of deafness are produced by the habit of picking the ear with a pin, and the different quack remedies for removing the hardened wax. The ear is as delicate in its mechanism as the eye, and should not be ignorantly treated.

The little dressy "house jackets," about which so many questions have been asked can be made of cloth or velvet, in black, blue, copper, brown, dahlia, or mahogany. Some of them have bodice backs, and are exceedingly stylish and becoming. As they can be worn with any kind of a skirt, they are economical as well as pretty and convenient.

Cord passementerie is more fashionable than bead just now. It has the advantage of newness, and the double advantage of being lighter in weight. Some of these passementeries in Gothic points and arabasques are beautiful, and make exquisite trimmings for wraps of every description. Remember in buying trimmings that weight means drag and weakness, if not positive disease, and lightness means comfort and health. ELEANOR KIRK.

The temperance organization that has done by far the most good in this country is the W. C. T. U. Now the public is informed that the magnificent society is so split by internal dissensions over the third party movement that a division of the union is threatened. Such a break would be the saddest misfortune that could befall the temperance cause. Don't do it, ladies. Drop the discussion altogether, and remain united.

Daniel Dougherty, the silver tongued orator of New York, said at the recent Catholic congress at Baltimore: "The only religious martyrs who ever stained our fair land with life blood were Roman Catholics." Daniel should study the history of his fair land a little more carefully. The early Quakers, or Friends, fared even worse from puritanism than Roman Catholics did. An ancestor of the poet Whittier suffered death at the hands of the pilgrim fathers for religion's sake. Four Quakers—three men and one woman—were hanged in Massachusetts from 1658 to 1661.

Congress and Canada are expected to fix definitely the boundary between the British dominions and the United States this winter. The part in dispute is the long, narrow strip of Alaska extending from Mount St. Elias down to Portland channel. The boundary line follows in general the summit of the mountains along the coast, but the line itself has never been surveyed. It was left undefined between Russia and Great Britain, and came to us in the same state when Alaska was bought from Russia. Heretofore it has been a matter of no great consequence. But the gold mines of Alaska are in these mountains, and if they amount to anything it will become of some importance to know on which side of the line they belong.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Nov 18, 1889

Do you realize, madame, what sort of a Dress Goods gathering we have?

If you want a stuff at 25c, or 37½c, or 50c, or 75c, or $1, or at any other price up to the creamiest quality that crosses the sea, we have it; and not simply one lone, lorn piece of it, heaps, if it is a sort that it's wise for you to buy.

Would you rather pick from such a stock, or from a lean lot pinched in everything but prices?

The Dress Goods part of the store is at its fullest now. You can put in an hour there and see a new Winter stuff for almost every clock tick. Prices are awry like this:

40-inch silk-and-wool basket weave Plaids, royally rich in colorings, some with ombre effects, 75c; the $1.25 quality.

40-inch broken Plaids, with every stripe that forms the plaid hair-lined with contrasting silk, 65c; the $1 quality.

40-inch Alma Envers, a fine surah twill, hard, close surface, 75c; we never heard of it under $1. All street shades.

40-inch French Sebastopol, 50c; the 75c quality.

40-inch French Alma Cloth, 50c; the $1 quality.

40-inch all-wool Cashmere, 50c; best quality, weight and colors we know of at the price.

And yet hundreds for more money or less, and each one as well worth your thought.

That 72-inch German Table Damask is quite as wonderful. The weight and quality are better than we ever had before at 87½c.

Here are three Women's Stockinet Jackets, $4.50, $5, $6. We have sold the same shapes in poorer stuffs at $8 or $10.

Well made, well fitting blue and black Beaver Newmarkets, with stitched edges, $7; with braid binding or reveres in front, $8. The around-town prices would be about $8 and $10.

New Books come to us as fast as they are published. The New-Book table is always covered with their skirmish line. Here's a handful from the popular late comers:

Miscellaneous:

Florida Days. Margaret Deland. $3.
Aspect of the Earth (Geological Phenomena) Shaler. $3.
Winters in Algeria. Bridgman. $1 90.
The Viking Age. Paul Du Chaillu. 2 vols. $5 50.
Recent Economic Changes. Wells. $1 50.
John Davis the Navigator. 90c.
The Political Problem. Stickney. 75c.

Fiction:

A Little Journey in the World. Charles Dudley Warner. $1 50.
Emanuel. A Story of the Messiah. $1 10
Jupiter Lights. Constance F. Woolson. 90c.
A Reputed Changeling. Miss Yonge. 75c.
Standish of Standish. A Story of the Pilgrims. 90c.
Last Assembly Ball. 90c.
A Summer in a Canon. $1 10
Three Days. A Midsummer Love Story. 75c.

Our new Book Catalogue will be ready in about ten days—80 pages of the best of the standard and Holiday Books at Wanamaker Book-prices. If you are thinking of a Book for Christmas or for your library, you ought to have the Catalogue. Your name and address on a postal will bring it.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

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The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1811) By the present proprietor.

A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

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☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

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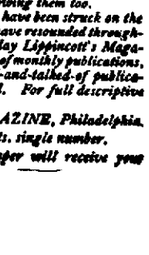
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Not a short novelette, but a long story such as you are used to get in book form and pay from one dollar to one dollar and a half for.

Not only that, but with each number you get an abundance of other contributions, which gives you a good magazine besides the novel.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

NEW YORK.--Arrives at 7 10, 10 45 A. M., 7 00 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 45, 11 30 A. M., 4 00, 4 40 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.--Arrives at 7 00, 7 45 A. M., 4 00, 5 00, 7 30 P. M. Closes at 7 45, 10 00 A. M., 2 45, 6 00 P. M.

NEWTOWN, DOYLESTOWN, &c.--Arrives at 11 40 A. M. Closes at 1 00 P. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.--Arrives at 10 10 A. M. Closes at 2 45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION.-- Arrives at 7 00, 10 45 A. M., 3 30, 7 00 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE--Arrives at 10 45 A. M., 3 30 P. M. Closes 7 00 A. M., 4 00 P. M.

TRENTON.--Arrives at 7 00, 11 00 A. M., 3 30, 7 00 P. M.

WESTERN.--Arrives at 7 45, 10 00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

—The Knights of Labor do not seem to be prospering. The number of its members is growing small by degrees, and each year it is becoming beautifully less. The total membership in 1887 was 600,000. In 1888 the roll call showed a loss of 100,000, and at the meeting of the General Assembly at Atlanta last week, the figures showed a further decline of 200,000. At this rate in another year the membership of the organization will be practically wiped out. These facts show that the methods adopted by the Knights did not realize the expectations of its members, that the majority of them found it was better for them to conduct their own business according to their own ideas, than to place it at the disposal of an assembly of their companions, and that their freedom of action as regards acceptance of wages, length of hours of work, and other details, could be more satisfactorily adjusted with their employers without the aid or interposition of the order than with it. These are the truths that the gradual dissolution of the once powerful organization clearly teaches.

The most remarkable political revolution of recent times has just taken place. Not a gun has been fired, nor a sword drawn, but an Emperor, with all the perogatives of his office, has given way to the desire of his people to make room for the establishment of a Republic. Dom Pedro II has abdicated the throne of Brazil. There had been no signs of special discontent, and the only murmers of that sort, as far as can be judged from the tenor of the news yet received, related more to the evils that would follow the death of that benign and progressive ruler than from any dissatisfaction existing at the present time. It is stated that the Ex-Emperor, fearing that at his death serious troubles would arise, was actually the prime mover in his own deposition. A dispatch from London says that that view of the case is obtaining currency among the diplomatic circles there, and that he, like a wise and philosophic monarch, anticipated the inevitable, and thus at least saved the prospective bloodshed which he felt would have come with resistance, if not in his time certainly in that of his successor. Hence his easy and calm acceptance of the situation.

—Says the erudite Doylestown correspondent, "Iron Mask" in the Germantown Telegraph: A number of valuable specimens of the prehistoric stone age have been found in the railway cuttings at Morrisville, and sent to Harvard and Pennsylvania Universities, and it is supposed that others may be found. These discoveries, are not the ordinary fossils, that is the imprints or petrifactions of leaves, animals, twigs and shells often found in certain strata, though rarely in this county, but are the rude implements of man made in that far off period known in anthropology as "the stone age," the first age in which humanity had developed sufficiently to fashion a weapon of stone to aid him in the struggle for sustenance. The ordinary fossil is the work of nature, the paleolith is the work of ancient man, the earliest man, which has been imbedded in the soil for unknown thousands of years, and not to be confounded with the ordinary flints frequently found all over the North American continent. The implement was discovered by Mr. Ernest Volk, who was directed by Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, to be on the lookout. Dr. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge University, was telegraphed for. He responded and inspected the palelith while they were yet in position in the soil a dozen feet below the surface. He took photographs of them and the place where they were found, and then took the specimens with him for the Peabody Museum.

—Oscar Wilde is described as having settled down into a sedate literary man—a strong, broad shouldered, athletic fellow, with no nonsense about him and an evident determination on his part to make fame and money. He goes about London with an armful of papers and with a huge blackthorn stick in his hand. He lectures now and then, writes steadily for the magazines and edits the Woman's World. It is said that he shows positive genius in managing a large staff of feminine contributors. As a reviewer of current literature he is thought to be extremely clever.

—Further details of the effect of the flood along the Susquehanna and its tributaries showed that many railroad and county bridges have been destroyed and traffic delayed on all sides. Five bridges on the Northern Central were swept away, the two spans of the Pennsylvania bridge at Montgomery were carried off and the incompleted spans of the new iron bridge at Harrisburg destroyed. Much damage was done to sewers and streets in Reading and many thousand logs at Columbia, over which there was much litigation, were floated down the river.

—There is a man in Weymouth, Mass. who is a little absent-minded. One day he was going to Hingham for a load of hay, and intended to get a wagon on Pleasant street. He carried his fork in one hand and led the horse with the other, passed by the wagon, and walked to that town. He hitched his horse and spoke to a man about stowing the hay. The assistant asked where the wagon was. The words he uttered were: "For gracious sake, have I left that wagon at home." He started back after it, and when he was on top of Fort Hill he discovered that he had left the horse hitched in Hingham.

—It is told that in a late divorce trial in Maine, at the moment that the judge was decreeing the divorce, the clerk held in his hand a telegram from the wife asking to be informed when her husband obtained his divorce, as she and another man were to be married as soon as it could legally be done.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—William R Bradfield caught an opossum in his cellar, on Walnut street, on Tuesday night.

—Leedom's Carpet mills shut down this morning for nine days to enable the proprietors to take account of stock.

—The annual entertainment of the Bristol Baptist Sunday-school will be given on Friday evening, November 29.

—The Bristol Weekly Journal has joined the long procession of newspapers that endeavored to fill a "long felt want," and perished in the attempt.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol, P. O., Nov. 21, '89.—Mr and Mrs John Harkins, J. Freeman, Robert Glenn, James McMurry, Dr Rose.

—William Louderbough, Esq., has been appointed by the County Commissioners, Assessor for the new Third ward. A better appointment could not have been made.

—On our 3rd page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders in the market.

—F. W. Minster, of Emilie, is selling large quantities of the "Excelsior Horse Feed," and now is the time of year horses need it. He is also selling potatoes and sweet cider.

—The property on Mill street occupied by Miss M. E Brown as a dwelling and millinery store was sold by the heirs last Saturday at public sale for $5500. Miss Mary E Brown was the purchaser.

—The twenty-third annual meeting of the stockholders of Bristol Building Association will be held on Monday evening, December 2, for the purpose of electing officers and the transaction of such other business as may arise.

—The Mission Band will give an entertainment in the Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, consisting of recitations, etc. The price of admission for adults is 10 cents, for children 5 cents. Everybody is invited.

—The Wm H. J. Wilson Concert Company assisted by the Philadelphia Quartette will give a musical entertainment at the Opera House on Saturday evening next for the benefit of Martha Washington Chamber No 2, Knights of Friendship.

—The jury list for the December term of Court includes the following persons from Bristol: Grand Jurors, William J Jones, Henry A Bailey and Edward B Brown. Traverse Jurors, first week, John K. Young and Edwin J. Burton, second week, Patrick Smith, Cornelius Patton, Frank Wolf and Charles Brudon.

—Mr Samuel K. Dixon, of Bristol, was married to Miss Annie Johnson, daughter of Capt. Levi Johnson, of Philadelphia, formerly of Bristol, in Camden, N J, by Rev John R Westwood, on Thursday last. They took a short trip among friends and arrived home on Saturday evening, when they were tendered a reception at the residence of Joseph Burton.

—The following is a sample "Home Note" from the Newtown Enterprise:

"It was announced in our last issue that the Wrightstown & Newtown turnpike company at its annual meeting had declared a dividend of four per cent. Such is not the fact in the case. A dividend of forty cents per share was the amount named by the managers."

If there is any possibility of the Enterprise man getting a thing twisted he generally does it.

—Regular services at the First Baptist church next Sunday at the usual hours. Preaching services at 10 30 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. The subject for the morning will be "The Distinguishing Characteristic of the Founder and of the Followers of Christianity." In the evening the subject will be "The Life of Daniel." A sermon to young men. Bible School, at 2 00 P. M. and Young People's Meeting at 6 30 P. M. To all of these services the people of Bristol are cordially invited.

—There have been a number of new applications for telephone service in Bristol. When the telephones asked for have been put in there will be twenty-eight subscribers in Bristol. It is contemplated to improve the service between Bristol and Philadelphia by running the wires on a different route so as to get rid of the induction resulting from too close proximity to the telegraph wires, and if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained the Exchange will be kept open all night and a portion of the time on Sundays.

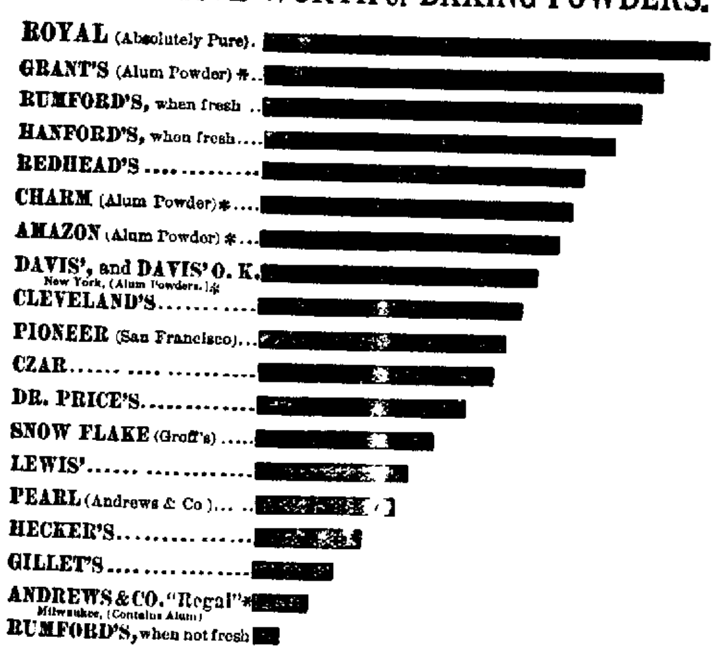
—The fourth annual report of the Secretary of the Merchants & Mechanics Building Association shows that it is in a very prosperous condition. The first series of stock was issued in November 1885, and there have been paid in $48 on each share. Its value is now $54 85, and its withdrawal value $51 85. The second series was issued in January 1888. In this series $22 has been paid on each share, its value is $23.65. The total number of shares is 1042, of which 903 are in the first series and 139 in the second. The net profits for the current year are $3,309.10. The percentage of profits for the year is 7 3-5 per cent. The total assets less unearned premiums is $52,821 39.

—The Homœopathic Medical Society of the Twenty-third Ward, Philadelphia, met at the office of Dr. Weaver, on Wednesday afternoon. Present, Drs Juman and Erwin, Holmesburg; Dr. Ulmstead, Tacony; Drs. Powell and Allen, Frankford; Drs. Weaver and Osmond Bristol; Dr Godshall, Edge Hill; Dr. Rink, Burlington, N. J. The essay was prepared and read by Dr. Weaver, subject, "Progressive Locomotor Ataxia," with a cured case exhibited. The subject was fully discussed by all present, and many useful ideas exchanged. This Society consists of about twenty-five members, and meets monthly to listen to an essay by some one of its members, and each member then advances his individual experience. The advantages of such meetings can scarcely be overestimated.

—The following new books have been placed in the Bristol Library this week: "The New Eldorado," a Summer Journey to Alaska, by M. M Ballou; "Sant' Ilario," by F. Marion Crawford; "Standish of Standish," a story of the Pilgrims, by Jane G. Austin; "Taken Alive," and other stories, by E. P. Roe; "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton; "Vagabondia," a love story, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and "Erlach Court," a translation from the German, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Readerships to the Library are $1.50 each, and are good for one year. A Readership can be obtained at any time during library hours upon application at the Library, which is open every afternoon excepting Sundays and Holidays, from 5 to 6 o'clock, and on Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9 o'clock.

Miscellaneous

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D.

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. The Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public. H. A. MOTT, Ph. D.

"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge. WM. MCMURTRIE, Ph.D.

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873, at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, New York, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, besides affording the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a comparatively high degree of strength, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

GLEANINGS.

—Edward S. Stackhouse, Clerk of Orphans' Court, Doylestown, has gone on a gunning trip to the Matapony River, Virginia.

—Maryland oyster-growers expect to get in the soup satisfactorily this season by putting out about 10,000,000 bushels of oysters.

—The survivors of the 104th Pennsylvania Regiment, recruited in Bucks county, have taken steps to form a permanent organization.

—It is said that there is no good public library in Bucks county north of Doylestown. South of the county-seat there are four or five.

—A man in Sumer County, California, who killed a neighbor's steer to save his own family from starving, declined counsel, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to one year in the State prison.

—A queer decision by a New Jersey justice of the peace is reported. John Wolf put a stuffed wolf at the door to represent his name. A dog destroyed the sign, and the justice holds that as the stuffed wolf represented John Wolf, the dog is guilty of biting the man, and his owner must pay $25 damages.

—It is difficult in deep sea fishing to land your fish after you have caught him. All this trouble will soon be obviated by the use of the electric fishing line. A small battery at the end of the pole will respond to the slightest touch and Mr. Fish will float quietly to the surface, very much shocked at such proceedings.

—An ingenious farmer in West Tisbury, Mass., has nailed up on his own premises a large finger-board pointing to his neighbors on the opposite side of the lane and bearing in very large letters the word "Pigs," and with the words "for sale" underneath in very small letters. Lawyers who think there is a libel in it, are endeavoring to get the discomfited neighbors to try on a law suit.

—An affidavit does not accompany the following story which Ohio sends along: "A lady of Columbus used for her complexion a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver. Then she went to the White Sulphur Springs and took the baths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not be seen again for a year.

—Progress has its penalties. The use of steam as a motive power and heater has cost many thousands of lives. So has the use of gas as an illuminator. Electricity is now at the front for employment as power and light. It is doing some killing, but its victims are few as compared with those of steam. Doubtless it will be rendered less dangerous, but it must always retain its capacity for evil as well as for good. We do not get unmixed goods on this side of eternity.

—There lives, or there did a few years ago (remarks a writer in a Pittsburg paper), an old lady in this country who has a movable birthday. She had the good fortune to be born on Easter Sunday, and she insists on receiving presents and congratulations on that festival, no matter when it occurs. Lots of people have tried to reason with the old lady, calender in hand, but she replies to them all: "I was born on Easter Sunday morn, fifty-six years ago, and until I die Easter Sunday will be my birthday."

—Miss Catherine Drexel, of Philadelphia, took the white veil in the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy Convent, at Pittsburg, on Thursday of last week. It is understood that her work will be among negroes and Indians. She will hereafter be known as Sister Catharine. She will wear the white veil three years, and can retire from the convent any time before the expiration of her novitiate. At the end of three years she will, if she so desires, take the black veil, when she will be dead to the world.

—The teachers of Lower Makefield, Middletown and Langhorne met in the schoolhouse at Yardley on Saturday last, and organized an Institute. There were sixteen teachers present — all but one of the full number—and much interest was manifested. Three teachers were appointed to prepare papers and give instructions in clay modeling, drawing and primary arithmetic. The next meeting will be held at Langhorne, on the second Saturday in December, at 9 o'clock A. M. All the teachers are expected to take part in the discussion and bring all the information they can about the subjects mentioned. The directors of the districts are invited to be present at the exercises.

Climate for Consumptives.

The several climates of Florida, Colorado and California have each been much prescribed for sufferers from lung disease, yet thousands of the natives in those states die of this fatal malady. A far more reliable remedy is to be had in every drug store in the land, and one that can be used at home; a remedy which is sold, by druggists, under the manufacturers' positive guarantee that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will affect a cure, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. We refer to that world-famed remedy for consumption (or lung-scrofula) known as Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

—In an article on "Building Associations," in the December Lippincott's, Thomas Gaffney describes the benefits that accrue to the members of these institutions, tells how to form and run such associations, and points out their influence for good upon the nation at large. "Fiddler Rakes's Fiddle" is a very entertaining sketch of country life in Virginia, by Rosewell Page. Charles Morris contributes an article entitled "The Power of the Future," in which he tells of the wonderful solar motor, the storage of electricity, and other methods of utilizing power which may come into play in the future.

*Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is fast taking the place of all the old-fashioned cough remedies. It never fails to relieve the most violent cold, and for throat disease it is invaluable. Price 25 cents.

"Thus am I doubly armed—my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me"—
Whether to sit alone suffering with neuralgia
Or buy one bottle of Salvation Oil.

Doctors in Prescribing Wine.

The Physicians desire to give a liquor containing the extractive parts of the grape, such as iron, grape-sugar and the other elements which give to port wine its special flavor or boquet and its singular blood making properties from the iron that is contained in the coloring principle of pure Red Wine. Speer's New Jersey Wines, especially his Port, are grown on a brown stone shale soil, rich in iron and from vines brought from the banks of the River Doura in Portugal, where the finest port in the world are made but none ever reach this country in a pure state. Speer's Wines are regarded superior to any in the market. For sale by druggist.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paint Brushes of every size and price, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

STILL FIGHTING.—The war among the manufacturers of wall paper is still raging. Until peace established papers will be cheap. We get this from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of 12 north Eleventh street, Philadelphia. They are selling gilt paper for 10, 12 and 15c.

A Few Pointers.

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with Consumption. This disease may commence with an apparantly harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and $1 00. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure; none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 00 at any druggists'. Sample bottle free.

*DO YOU WISH to regain your health if you are all broken down and suffering from nervous prostration? I will tell what cured me after suffering for months. I used two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I am a well man.—C. Stiles, Bookkeeper, Canton.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

*Sleep and plenty of it must be had by the baby; and if its rest be broken or prevented by attacks of colic, stomach or bowel disorders, give at once Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will relieve the pain, induce refreshing slumber and consequent health.

A person suffering from a poorly acting liver should take Laxador and be happy once more. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

*AN EMINENT temperance lecturer in New England, Mrs. John Barton, says: I was subject to those deathly sick headaches and also dyspepsia. Sulphur Bitters cured me when all others remedies failed. Mrs. Barton is the wife of John Barton, Superintendent of Repairs, Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

Fast Trains to the Pacific Coast.

Passengers for San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Oregon, and intermediate points can now leave Chicago at 11 10 P. M. daily, on the Fast Overland Train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul (Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha Short Line) and Union Pacific Railways, and arrive at San Francisco in 82½ hours, at Portland, Oregon in 79½ hours, which is the quickest time made across the Continent.

For Through Tickets, Sleeping Car reservations, and further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address A V H Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis, or Jno. R Pott, Trav. Pass. Agent, 486 William St., Williamsport, Pa.

An Unique Feature of the Pennsylvania Limited.

The Pennsylvania Limited, performing a daily service between New York and Chicago, needed but one feature to complete the perfection of its appointment. The men had their porter and barber, and now the ladies have their maid and hair-dresser. The introduction of the maids is as novel as it is a unique feature. It exists on no other regular train in the world, and the ladies who travel will appreciate it heartily. The maids are colored women, and there is one employed on each train. They are especially charged to look after the comfort of ladies, children and invalids. They are to assist the ladies in making their toilets, to dress their hair, and serve as a hand-maid to them in the fullest sense of the term. They will have an eye to the children, and have a care for invalids and ladies who may travel without a male escort. The convenience and comfort of having an attendant of one's own sex will be cordially appreciated by timid women and those who are inexperienced in travel. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Pullman Palace Car Company deserve great credit for their persistent efforts to enhance the comfort and pleasure of their patrons.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozemau, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the county traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Hay Fever Sufferers

The number of people annually afflicted with this most annoying maladay seems to be greatly on the increase. * * * The editor of this journal is an annual victim, and with a view to discover a specific cure, has tried numerous remedies. Of these Ely's Cream Balm is by all odds the quickest and most satisfactory, two applications usually allaying the usual symptoms in the nose and eyes. We would recommend its use by all subject to hay fever, and we gladly bear unsolicited testimony to its efficacy in our own case. * * —Media, Pa, Record.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE, DR HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co, 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for cirulars.

Hard Rubber Trusses of every size and numerous designs, at much lower than Philadelphia prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paints—ready mixed—$1 a gallon, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Strictly Pure Spices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Ringing Noises

In the ears, sometimes a roaring buzzing sound are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Bristol Division, No. 1, A. O. H., on Monday evening, Nov. 18, 1889, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to remove by death from our midst our brother John Kelly, whose genial and kindly disposition endeared him, not only to us, but to all who knew him; be it

Resolved, That in his death the community has lost an upright, honest citizen, his family a kind and affectionate husband and father, and this Division a conscientious and faithful member, and was highly esteemed by his comrades of the G. A. R., of which he was a member.

In respect to his memory we have this preamble and resolution placed on record and published in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE, Bristol Observer and Hibernian Record, and that a copy be presented, with our sympathy, to the family of deceased.

PATRICK KEATING,
CHRISTOPHER WALL,
JOHN W. MCBRIDE,
Committee.

New Advertisements.

NEWLIN HAINES,
Flour, Feed, Corn, Oats
HAY and SALT.
Everything at Lowest Prices!
Bostwick's Building, Mill & Pond Sts.
BRISTOL, PA
Your Patronage Solicited.

Peremptory Sale
Of JOHN LYNCH, on his premises, 3926 Girard Av
On FRIDAY, Nov. 22d, 1889, at 10 A. M., sharp.
75 HEAD OF HORSES
Ranging in age from 5 to 8 years, and weighing from 1150 to 1500 lbs.
These horses are as fine a lot as ever offered at Public Sale in Philadelphia, they have been used by me during the past season in watering the drives in Fairmount Park and in my general business.
I will also sell my road and trotting horses.
Bay mare, 8 years old, sound and kind, no record, but will show a 2 35 gait on day of sale.
Bay Gelding, "Grit," 4 years old, sound and kind, that will show a "40" gait on day of sale.
Sorrel Brood Mare, 8 years old, great pole mare will go in "35." Pedigree given on day of sale.
Also, several good road horses and saddlers, safe for the most timid person to use.
Gentlemen looking for speed are invited to call and test them previous to sale.
Also, 3 cows, standard bred. 70 sets of single and double harness. 3 Frazier road carts. 1 Caster cart, four 6-spring wagons, will carry 60,000 each, 26 jobbing and full ton carts, Lane & Calfrav buggies, phaeton, surrey, coach, single and double sleighs, Etc.
D P S NICHOLS, Auctioneer. JOHN LYNCH, Contractor, 3926 Girard Avenue.

Mrs. B. A. Stearns,
Inventor and Proprietor of
World Renowned Diagram and System for Cutting Ladies and Childrens Garments.
—: Boston Dress Cutting School, :—
BOSTON, MASS
By this System Ladies can CUT and FIT their own and Children's Dresses.
Diagrams with Book containing Special Instructions with Paper Pattern giving written directions sent. Also, answers to any questions on the same on receipt of six dollars, ($6) Address all orders
MRS. B. A. STEARNS,
Boston Dress Cutting School,
37 Winter St., BOSTON, MASS.

NOTICE.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of the Bristol Building Association will be held at the office of the Secretary, on Monday evening, December 2, 1889, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of election of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may arise. By order of Board of Directors.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Secretary.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

Miss M. G. Paxson,
PORTRAIT ARTIST,
TEACHER of DRAWING—Illustrations, Designs, Sketches.
Radcliffe Street, above Walnut,
BRISTOL, PA.

NOTICE!
HAVING BOUGHT the PUMP BUSINESS of William Booz, I am prepared to set Pumps and repair them. All orders left next to Charles Peirce's coal office, or 27 Dorrance St, will be promptly attended to.
ISAAC GROSS

FOR SALE.
A VERY DESIRABLE RESIDENCE ON Radcliffe Street. Brick house, nine rooms, in excellent repair, gas and water. Apply to C. H. FENTON, Corner Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol.

FOR SALE.
GOOD WILL AND FIXTURES OF A TEMperance Hotel, centrally located, 22 bedrooms, large dining, sitting, family bath and wash rooms. Yard and stabling for 35 horses. A well established business to be sold for satisfactory reasons. Apply to DEACON & FRY, No. 346 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

Handsome Artifical Teeth.
Filling. DR. G. W. ADAMS, DENTIST, BRISTOL, PA. Cleaning.
Extracting Without Pain.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts, Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, Pa., Nov. 5, 1889.

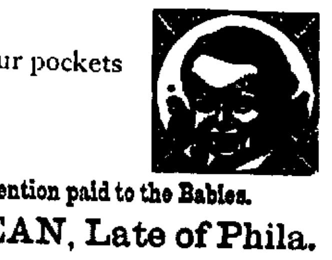
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

GALLERY RE-OPENED.

Having leased the Photograph Gallery, at the corner of Mill and Pond Streets, Bristol,
BOSTWICK'S BUILDING,
I am prepared to make every kind of Picture known to the art, from a Tin-type to a Pastelle.
CRAYONS A SPECIALTY.
Tin-types as low as 8 for 50 cents.
Cabinet Photos, $3 a dozen—all styles.
Crayons, from $10 up.

To ADD to my business
We must SUBTRACT from your pockets
To MULTIPLY your faces
To DIVIDE among your friends.



Satisfaction Guaranteed. Strict Attention paid to the Babies.
E. R. McKEAN, Late of Phila.

"BLOWING."

The "Ledger Building" tells a simple story and relies on its Clothing to make you a customer. We don't blow the "Big Horn," but the "Best Clothing with Lowest Prices."



Clothing for Men, Youths and Children.
A. C. Yates & Co.
Sixth and Chestnut, Phila.

FOR 1890

Consider SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when you are deciding upon youa reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—$3.00 a year.

The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

25 cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.

Chas. Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Bristol Advertisements

J. D. LOWDEN,
No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,
HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF
BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

CHAS. WEEKS,
—DEALER IN—
Pure Lehigh Coal,
Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,
OFFICE--Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.
Your trade is solicited.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.
Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor Mill and Pond Sts, BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS,
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
Your trade is solicited.

James Warden,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, &c.
Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON SHEETS.

SAMUEL SCOTT,
THE MILL STREET GROCERY!
74 MILL STREET,
WHERE WILL BE FOUND
Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc:
OF ALL KINDS,
And as Cheap as will be found in Bristol.

Burton's Stage Line
CONTINUES TO BE WELL PATRONIZED. It meets all trains at the P. R. R. Station, and the 4 and 5 o'clock boat, and will carry passengers to all parts of the town. Orders left at the Telephone office, Depot, or at the Stables, on Wood street, near Mill, will receive attention.
JOSEPH BURTON.

WANTED.
$3,000 ON FIRST MORTGAGE, ON Property near Bristol. Address C. W. COULSTON, 1622 Sydenham St, Philadelphia.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS MARGERUM, late of Bristol, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

MARY E. STACKHOUSE, Administratrix.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN D. DETLEFSON, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SUSAN G DETLEFSON, Executrix.

or B F & A W GILKESON & W S. WRIGHT, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DENNIS CALLAHAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and these having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MARGARET CALLAHAN, Administratrix

or A. WEIR GILKESON, her Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ANNIE McCHAY, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL PERSONS indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

JOHN C STUCKERT, Administrator.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

ANNIE H BUTLER, By her next friend, Howard Pursell, vs. JOHN G. BUTLER. | No. 1, Dec. Term, 1889. Pluries Sub sur Divorce

To John G. Butler, the above-named Defendant. You are hereby notified to be and appear at the next Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Doylestown in and for the County of Bucks, on Monday, the second day of December, A. D., 1889, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and answer the complaint of the above-named libellant, and show cause, if any, why the said Court should not make a decree divorcing you from the said Annie H. Butler, the libellant, and hereof fail not, as said decree may be entered against you in your absence.

JOSEPH B. COMLY, High Sheriff of Bucks County.

Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Nov. 1, '89.
B. F. GILKESON, Atty for Libellant.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of STEPHEN W. WRIGHT, deceased, late of Morrisville Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator, Box 74, Morrisville, Pa.

C. F. HERRMANN,
—DEALER IN—
FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.
Goods sold on Easy Payments.
UPHOLSTERING, FURNITURE REPAIRED
Radcliffe St., opposite B. F. Gilkeson's office, Bristol, Pa.

JAS. M. RANDALL,
—PRACTICAL—
* * Horse-Shoer and General Blacksmith * *
OTTER STREET, BRISTOL.
Horses Shod in a First-class manner, so as to prevent cutting.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

BIRDS AND NESTS.

Dark were the walls of the Abbey
That sheltered the garden green,
Where St. Bridget's leek and St. John's wort
And many quaint flowers were seen.

And there King John was walking
With the Abbess Ann one day,
When he cunningly sought to reprove her
And all her nuns in gray

"In yonder cloister, good mother,
There are maids that are young and fair,
Does Love never come with his whisperings
In the midst of penance and prayer;"

Just then high over the garden
There flew to the wide, free land,
A bird; and the Abbess Ann
Followed its flight with her hand.

"We cannot hinder the passing
Of a wild winged bird overhead,
But well may we keep her from building
Her nest in our garden," she said.
—Charles N. Gregory in The Argosy

SUNBEAM AND ROSE.

A sunbeam, flying from the eve,
Paused by a rose, its beauty seeing,
And sighed: How sweet therein to live,
Did other beams not fill its being!

In grief he spread his wings of light
And onward passed, to wander ever;
But sweet throughout his endless flight
The rose's fragrance breathed forever.
—George Perry.

THREE VISIONS.

Early in the winter of 1885 I was lodging in a large, old fashioned house on Spruce street, below Eleventh. Insomnia brought on by business troubles had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and although I did not suspect it, I was on the verge of a serious illness. Rising one night after vainly courting sleep for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath by way of a soporific. The hour was quite 2 o'clock. Having thrown on a heavy dressing gown, I entered the little bath room and turned on the hot water. While the tub filled I gazed out at the rear of a house about 100 yards distant on Clinton street. Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street, I saw figures of a man and woman in silhouette. Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its tell tale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute. As I gazed surprise and horror seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger. She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth as if to emit a scream and fell to the floor, whence, of course, her figure cast no shadow on the curtain. All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a mental torture such as I had never felt before. As the dagger descended I involuntarily threw out my arms as if to shield the victim and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror. The absolute silence of the pantomimic murder made it more shocking, and for an instant I felt as if the darkness and loneliness of the night had shut me in with the murderer and made me a participant in his guilt. I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal stooped toward the spot where his victim lay, and before I could cry out I reeled and fell heavily to the floor. My fall roused the house, and Philip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficiently for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said:

"It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are common to persons in your condition."

"But," said I, "the thing happened when I was broad awake, and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld."

"Not at all remarkable," was his reply. "You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more."

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, save that my old trouble of insomnia hovered threateningly near and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry or excitement. Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision I went around to the lodging house on Clinton street and inquired for rooms. A snuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house and offered to rent a furnished suite, consisting of bedroom, parlor and bathroom. As near as I could guess the parlor was the room where the crime of my vision had been committed.

"Who occupied these rooms last?" I inquired.

"Mr. Carr and his wife," answered the hag, with evident unwillingness.

"Do you know Mr. Carr's business?"

"The tenants' business hain't none o' mine," she replied, sharply.

"When did the Carrs move out?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house?"

"Now, what do you ask me that for? I don't watch people's doin's in this house. The tenants is respectable fam'lies, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want no troublesome or disorderly people here. It's a quiet house."

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downward through the ill smelling, narrow halls, my suspicions far from lulled. A bold faced woman widened her eyes at me on one stairway, and through an open door below I caught a glimpse of a tumbled bed and a soiled blue slipper, with a half smoked cigarette beside it on the floor. Pausing in the vestibule, I read the names beneath three or four bell buttons, and learned enough to convince me that the old woman's boast as to the good character of her tenants was a falsehood. When I told my reawakened suspicions to Holt he frowned and said:

"If you permit yourself to go on in this way you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light before this, and if she was only wounded it is not your business to ferret the matter out. If you're not careful you'll get into the newspapers and be made ridiculous."

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned. With it came an irresistible attraction toward the bath room window whence my vision of a few months before had been seen. Whenever I lay awake I went some time during the night and stared out toward that uncanny apartment house. Night after night I saw nothing and turned away, relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my former illness was wanting.

Finally, at 1 o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bathroom, with my eyes directed toward the tenement house. For an instant I could not credit the vision that met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadow pantomime before the same tragedy was being enacted. This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for all I saw was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion. The man stooped as before toward his victim, and I waited to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some assurance that what I had seen was real. I saw nothing further. If the shadowy slayer had stooped to a real victim he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again before the light and the curtain. Filled with forebodings of a new illness I awoke Holt and told my vision. We went to the window, looked toward the tenement house and saw only the faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an opiate and next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived in Philadelphia about the middle of September more robust than I had ever been before. Holt and I laughed at the old hallucinations, and the doctor rallied me considerably upon my detective spirit of the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the tenement house window and slept without disturbance. The next night, however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bathroom window. As I entered the bathroom I looked over toward the tenement house and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest. The night was warm and the window whence the light shone was hoisted. The curtains were drawn also and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the center of the room. I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of the pantomimes. The man was smooth shaven and well featured. The woman seemed older than he and her face fitted well with the names of evil suggestion that I had seen in the vestibule eight months before. As I gazed I saw the woman suddenly start toward her companion with some gleaming weapon in her upraised hand. I felt my heart quicken and my breath come thick. The man rose to receive the attack and I saw a shining dagger plunged into her bosom. Trembling with horror, I was about to cry out when a hearty, natural laugh burst upon my ear from the hall. On looking round I saw Holt in the doorway.

"Good heavens, man, did you see that?" I gasped.

"Certainly," he said, with another laugh.

"Then how can you stand there laughing? If we both saw it there can be no doubt of its reality."

"It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out and there is nothing more to be learned. Take a glass of whisky to steady your nerves and I'll explain the mystery."

Wondering at his language, but considerably reassured, I followed him to his parlor and sat down.

"Now," said Holt, "the thing you saw tonight (I shuddered again as he spoke) and on two other occasions is easily explained. James Carr and his so called wife, who have lived in that apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theatre goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mlle. Picard. What you saw to-night was the rehearsal of an incident in a play which is to be produced at a Chestnut street theatre early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen down town bill board. It is a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors and he responds with a dagger. The play was produced in small cities last winter and at one or two popular watering places in the summer. You've seen three rehearsals."

"Holt, I don't believe you," I cried, as it flashed upon me that my old illness was returning and Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatened calamity.

"True as gospel," said Holt briefly, pouring out another drink.

"I will not believe it unless you describe the scene exactly as it appeared to me."

Holt promptly went over the whole occurrence, and his description differed in no important feature from my own vision. I was convinced. We talked half an hour longer and five minutes after going to bed I was sound asleep. Next day I went around to my doctor, laughed at his learning and accepted his apologies for the discredit he had cast upon my visual sanity.

* * * * * * *

That evening at dinner while reading an afternoon paper I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words:

"SLAIN AT REHEARSAL."

I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms on Clinton street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen the crime committed. According to the newspaper's account Carr on being arrested had confessed the homicide and pleaded self defense. He had lived and quarreled with the woman for five years. After their rehearsal of the night before she had called up an old grievance, and finally in a fit of anger attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had defended himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal and was horrified to find that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved his neck.—Philadelphia Times.

IN THE YUKON RAPIDS.

EXPLORER HAZARD WELLS' PERILOUS SHOOT THROUGH THEM.

Thrilling Adventures in the Great Alaska Canyon—The Hardships Attending Explorations in the Great Northern Territory.

The evening of July 2 and part of the following day were spent in making an examination of the Grand canyon, through which we had been in imminent peril of making an unexpected and involuntary trip. We found it to be a crooked passage of about three-quarters of a mile in length, in which the water turns and twists between two perpendicular walls of basaltic rock forty feet high, confronting each other at a distance of about 150 feet. Midway of the canyon is a gigantic basin, in which the stream pauses and whirls around as if hesitating to make the final plunge through the lower half of the way. For purposes of navigation the southern half of the canyon is the more dangerous, because near the entrance the walls rapidly approach each other, and the stream surges through the contracted channel with terrific force. We were glad, however, to observe that there were no rocks to be encountered, and that the only real danger to the raft would be that of striking against the sharp angles of the winding walls of the canyon. From miners at Juneau we learned that the canyon can be "run," and we made up our minds that we would run it.

GRAYLINGS GALORE.

We had been told, however, that cargoes are always portaged, and that only rafts, without crew or cargo, are allowed to drift through. Even skiffs and boats are portaged to the smooth water below, and skids have been erected with a windlass for the purpose of raising boats from the water to the top of the bluff. The trail is on the right side of the canyon, and is well beaten by the passage of hundreds of miners, who have used it during the past ten years.

As the City of Paris is a stanch and well built raft, which can easily be enlarged and strengthened, we determined to make the run with crew and cargo on board, instead of spending time and labor in making the portage.

Having come to this conclusion, we indulged in a little sport with rod and line. In the great whirlpool near which our raft lay we observed grayling leaping out of the eddies after the small brown millers with which the air was filled. Taking the hint, we offered inducements to the finny beauties to make other experiments. In a very short time I had landed fifteen of them, and some of them weighed over a pound. I found that a brown hackle answered a very good purpose and fished with it most of the time. De Hass had an odd experience. He had a leaden sinker about twelve inches above his fly which seemed to attract particular attention, the grayling leaping fully a foot out of the water to catch it, and taking no notice whatever of the fly. Presently he lowered the sinker to the fly, and with excellent results, as he presently had seven fish on the bank beside him.

We spent the anniversary of national independence in repairing and strengthening the City of Paris, adding two heavy side logs and staying her with four additional and well pinned cross beams. The hurricane deck was strongly braced and the mast removed; and when daylight was passing into twilight, White, who is a veteran river miner, declared our raft to be the stoutest he had ever seen.

By 9:35 a. m., July 5, the cargo was all aboard the raft, well secured and carefully wrapped in tent cloth to protect it from the wet to which it was soon to be exposed. The raft was towed several feet up the whirlpool basin, so as to get her near the main current the lines were cast off, we jumped aboard and the descent was begun. The bow and stern oars were vigorously plied as we swept into the tumultuous waters, and with head on the City of Paris went boldly on her way, turning the corners of the canyon with perfect ease and grace, and shipping hardly any water, so that our freight was quite uninjured. Six minutes from our start we shot out of the canyon without starting a log or touching an obstruction.

THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

When a portage is made on the right of the Grand canyon the rafts have to be captured at the mouth and reloaded for a short trip of only two miles to the opposite side of the stream, at the head of the White Horse rapids, where another portage is always made. The White Horse has an evil reputation. It is two miles long and obstructed by broken rocks, dividing the stream into narrow channels, the largest of which is near the left bank, and is sixty feet wide. From the head of the Grand canyon to the foot of the White Horse is a distance of four miles, with a fall of thirty-two feet, most of the descent being in the White Horse. To run White Horse is seldom attempted, even with an empty raft, and never with a boat. The government explorer, Lieut. Schwatka, did indeed make the passage on a raft without cargo; but, though piloted by several stout men, he did not pass unscathed.

Three Frenchmen were less fortunate. Having portaged their boat around the Grand canyon, they failed to get across the stream to take the next portage on the left bank, and were drawn into the suction of the rapids, which whirled them into the torrent. Their boat was swamped, the cargo was lost, and two of the three men were drowned. The third managed to make his way to Juneau. A brief account of this tragedy we found written on a board and posted on a tree at the foot of the White Horse.

Notwithstanding the bad reputation of these rapids we concluded, after a careful exploration, to make the run with crew and cargo on board our raft, so as to save the labor of a portage and establish the reputation of the City of Paris as the stanchest raft afloat. Our boat, however, was left behind to be afterward "snubbed down" at our leisure. Having so decided, our raft was cast off and got into the current, and down we went over the mile stretch, steadily holding the middle of the channel. In just eight minutes from the start we were riding safely in smooth water, with the White Horse foaming behind us.

I confess I cannot understand why this place has so terrible a reputation, unless it be that the water is sometimes much higher than it is now. Perhaps the White Horse is not really so black as it has been painted; but be that as it may, the City of Paris is the first craft, so far as we know, that has ever made the run of the White Horse with crew and cargo. Next day we snubbed our boat down and did not fail to post an account of our exploit for the information and envy of future voyagers.

From the White Horse to Lake Labarge the river varies greatly in width—at some places being little over 300 feet and at others nearly a mile across. The current runs about two miles an hour. At 4:45 p. m. of July 6 we passed the mouth of a large muddy river, the Tahk-heen-a, which empties its muddy stream into the Yukon, changing the color of the latter to a light brown.—Yukon River (B. C.) Letter to Scripps' League.

Most Wonderful Eyes.

John Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham, England, is a lad whose powers of vision are to be accounted among the marvelous. He is known as "the living microscope," on account of being able to see the most minute objects clearly defined. In 1878 or 1879 he was attacked with some baffling eye trouble, and came very near losing his sight forever. After the disease had reached its worst, there was an instant and startling change for the better, which resulted in a complete cure of all inflammation in an incredibly short time. It was not a cure, however, that brought back the old eyesight like that possessed by the average genus homo. When it returned it was with extraordinarily increased powers of vision. To John Thomas the most minute plant louse was as large as a rabbit and the mosquito's bill as large as an ax handle.

He could see and describe distant minute objects with startling clearness and precision. He was amazingly shocked upon repairing to the well to get a cooling draught to see the immense number of hideous creatures that were floating, fighting and wriggling about in the water.

From that day to this water has not passed the lips of John Thomas Heslop; his drinks consist wholly of coffee, tea and milk, thoroughly boiled. The doctors say that the entire organization of the eye has undergone a structural change; that the cornea has become abnormally enlarged, and that the crystalline lens have divided into three different disks or circles, each circle surrounded by another of light blue. In the center of each of these three circles appears an iris, greatly diminished in size, but an iris nevertheless. Medical reports have been made on the case by journals, such as The Lancet, Medical Times and many others. The young man has been visited by all the greater and lesser lights of the British medical colleges, each of whom pronounce his case the most wonderful in the annals of optics.—St. Louis Republic.

Primitive Telegraphy.

Olaf Searle sat in his office yesterday discussing many interesting topics in his usual interesting way. A card was lying on his desk on which appeared the word Budstikken, as the name of the Scandinavian paper. Mr. Searle was asked what the word meant. He replied: "It is a Norwegian word, 1,200 years old at least. In those days, when the coasts of Norway were ravaged by pirates, the inhabitants had to resort to all sorts of devices to warn those at a distance of the approach of these piratical craft. When one was seen on the horizon a man went up to the top of a mountain, where he lighted a beacon fire. This could be seen for a long distance, and was known to be a warning. When it was seen in the distance another fire was lighted on another hill, until all over the country fires blazed from every hill top, and the people prepared to defend themselves.

"They also had a system of messengers. The man who first sighted the sail would take an arrow and send it to his neighbors. From town to town this arrow was sent until all were warned. These were rather primitive ways of telegraphing, but were so effectual that in the course of twenty-four hours all Norway knew of the approach of pirates. This system of spreading the news was called 'Budstikken,' and the word is extensively used as a name for newspapers in the old country."—St. Paul Globe.

The Bell of Justice.

A beautiful story is told that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell. The magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse. He caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as this poor horse had rang the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food, drink, and stable.—Rome Letter.

Punctuation.

It is strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally-used points only the period (.) dates earlier than the Fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) some thirty-five years later, and the semicolon (;) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their lack must have added to the toil of the decipherer of written documents. When we remember what curious inversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma, we marvel how early authors contrived to escape strange misreadings of their works, in which no points guided the students.—London Standard.

Luxurious Neapolitan Cats.

In Naples there exists a race of cats who live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to eat the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation or sitting gravely before the altar during time of mass.—New York Sun.

School Room Space.

Mr. Courthope Bowen, an Englishman whose opinions on the proper size and arrangement of school rooms are received with great respect in his own country, recently made the following statement as to what, in his judgment, might be regarded as a fairly good school room: Taking, for instance, a room 14 feet high, fairly ventilated and always well aired at recess, two-thirds of the floor space should be assigned to the scholars and their desks and the other third should be kept for the teacher, blackboards, etc. With single desks, 22 inches should be allowed from side to side, and 3 feet from back to front, for each scholar. The passages need not be more than 18 inches for those running from back to front, and 1 foot for those running from side to side. In such arrangement, counting the passages, each scholar has (without reckoning the share of the space allotted to the teacher) a trifle more than 40 inches from side to side, and just 4 feet from back to front. In a room 25 feet by 20 feet the floor space for scholars' desks will be 16 feet by 20 feet, with 4 feet from back to front per row, and accommodation is provided for twenty scholars. The whole floor space is 500 square feet, and the cubic contents of the room 7,000 cubic feet, with 20 square feet and 280 cubic feet per person.

The Smoke Nuisance.

Patent devices, while they may be good, are by no means necessary for the prevention of smoke in a locomotive or in a stationary plant, affirms as high authority as The Railway Review, in which the following recently appeared: An intelligent fireman may solve the problem with but little expense to his employer by admitting air through the fire door and placing a deflector just inside of it, or by some other simple and inexpensive manner dependent upon the construction of the furnace. A change was recently made in a furnace by inserting a number of air tubes through the brick work in much the same manner as they are put in a locomotive firebox, and the chimney, which had previously emitted a large amount of smoke, was almost clear. Recently there has been exhibited in London a method in which the coal before use is treated chemically, which results in no deterioration of the heat-producing qualities of the coal, while it prevents its burning with an excess of smoke. The coal seems to be hardened by this process, which is said to cost not more than twelve cents a ton.

How to See the Wind.

"Did you ever see the wind?"

"See the wind?"

"Yes, that's what I said. Did you ever see the wind?" asked a yachtsman, who was standing on a bluff of the Highlands watching the yachts sailing on the lower bay.

"No, I've never seen the wind," replied his friend.

"Well, I'll tell you how you may. Take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Select a windy day, whether hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murky—in other words, let the air be dry. Hold this metallic surface at right angles to the wind—i. e., if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west—and incline it at an angle of 45 degs., so that the wind, striking, glances and flows over the edge. Now sight carefully over the edge at some small but clearly defined object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam."—Boston Globe.

Employed to Show Goods Only.

There seems to be a caste among shops as among people, a sort of noblesse oblige that pertains to certain stores as well as to certain persons. At a well known jeweler's and silversmith's it is one of the canons of the house not to urge sales. A man was buying a scarf pin there the other day; the variety shown confused him, and he hesitated among several.

"Which are your novelties?" he finally asked the clerk.

"They are all new goods," was the reply.

"This is rather effective," next hazarded the undecided customer.

There was no response. A little nettled the buyer continued. "You don't seem to have any preference."

"I beg your pardon," replied the clerk courteously, "we are not allowed to influence a customer's choice or press the goods in any way. We are here to show them only."—New York Sun.

European Rulers.

The present rulers of the various countries in Europe are as follows: Austria-Hungary, Franz Joseph I; Belgium, Leopold II; Denmark, Christian IX; France, Marie F. Sadi-Carnot; Germany, Wilhelm II; Great Britain, Victoria I; Greece, Georgios I; Italy, Humbert I; Netherlands, Willem III; Portugal, Luis I; Roumania, Karl I; Russia, Alexander III; Spain, Alfonso XIII; Sweden and Norway, Oscar II; Switzerland, Emile Welti; Turkey, Aboul-Hamid II

He Knew It All.

The builders tell a rather interesting story of a Buffalo capitalist who was pretty summarily taken down for trying to set himself up as the end of all things in whatever he undertook. No matter what was on foot, if he went into it he must have all the say and nobody else was allowed even a side remark. Not long ago he built a fine brick house. In this undertaking, as in all others, he was boss and all hands, dictating to builders, architects, and all without the slightest hesitation. At last they grew very tired of the browbeating they had to stand and let him have his way whether it was right or wrong. The house was finished and shortly afterward the owner set about building furnace fires to test his heating apparatus, when behold, there wasn't a chimney in the house!—Exchange.

An Hereditary Accomplishment.

A dog, owned by Professor Miles several years ago, inherited an accomplishment from his mother, who had been trained to sit up in an erect position and hold a stick in imitation of a soldier with a musket. This dog was taken from his mother when but a few days old, and before it had an opportunity of learning any tricks by imitation. Without any training, when a few months old, he assumed the erect position whenever anything was wanted, and, if that did not attract attention, he would "speak," with a short bark, as his mother had been in the habit of doing.—Western Rural.

Chewing Gum a Boon to Dentists.

"When chewing gum was invented," said a prominent specialist, "an inestimable boon was conferred on dentists. The gum does clean the teeth, it is true, but it pulls the plugs out of them. That is why the dentists like it so. The Brooklyn man who has made a fortune out of chewing gum was trying to discover in the juice of the Mexican tree he now uses for this gum a substitute for India rubber. His substitute was a failure. Somebody gave him the idea of providing idle jaws with something to chew on, and lo, it all turned to gold!"—New York Herald.

The "Fool Dog."

When a man is said to possess less sense than a "fool dog" there is but little hope for him in the eyes of his critic, because the "fool dog" is useless. Every one has seen a "fool dog." The favorite pastime of this animal is to pick out an unoffensive looking horse on the street and run under his legs or at his head and bark at him furiously. The "fool dog" gains nothing by this play except his name. The horse pays no attention to him, and his furious barking is regarded as a mere bluff. Another pastime of the "fool dog" is a periodical and unfruitful chase after his tail. He can't catch it, but experience has never taught him this fact. Then he will run around in a circle until he is tired out—another exhibition of his foolishness. People look at his antics and say he is a fool. But he does not know this. There will always be "fool dogs," and a man who sees one of them during his exercise will know what is thought of him if he hears himself referred to as having the sense of a "fool dog."—Chicago Herald.

That's Right, Boys!

The last tribe of South Sea cannibals has at last been won over to throw that bad custom over their shoulder and go in for quail on toast, sugar cured hams and calf's liver. It was a hard struggle for them to abandon their lifelong custom and subject their stomachs to a new diet, and they deserve a good word from every fair minded journal in the country.—Detroit Free Press.

The Black Valise Baby.

"This is our valise baby," said the sister superior of the House of Providence, pointing to a mulatto babe that looked as though it enjoyed life in its snowy crib.

"One night about 12 o'clock there was a quick ring at the door. The moment we heard the summons we knew it was a 'baby ring,' and the portress hastened to take in the waif. So sure were we that a little outcast would be on the doorstep that sister took a shawl with her to use in case of necessity. When the door was opened one could see nothing and hear nothing but the wind and rain.

"We returned to our rooms, but the echo of the ring on such a fierce night disturbed the portress so that she could not rest. 'Mother,' said she, 'we must go and search the yard. I fear that ring was for some purpose.' I went down and together we searched the yard. Under that syringa bush we stumbled on an old valise. When sister picked it up there was a cry from within, and there was our valise babe," said the lady, softly rocking the cradle and fondling the dark little cherub as she told his story.

"Any wardrobe with the little one?"

"Not a stitch. It is a wonder that the child was not smothered, for no precaution had been taken to provide fresh air. If the valise had not been so well worn we would surely have found our baby dead."—Detroit News.

The Pitcher at the Well.

John B. Jeffery, the publisher, is a great traveler, but sometimes great travelers get left. Jeffery got left recently. He was coming on from the east with his wife and family, and they arrived over the Canada Southern road at the depot in Detroit. Mr. Jeffery left the car while the Michigan Central train was being made up, and strolled through the depot for a stretch before resuming his journey. All of his belongings were in the car with his family. He passed out of the gates, walked a block or so up the street and then returned. The gate to the train was closed, as the gong had sounded for starting. The tall publisher tried to pass through, but the uniformed guard stopped him. He tried to explain, and he talked in his sweetest and most persuasive key, but all to no purpose. The rules of the depot were most stringent and could not be overstepped. As he pleaded in vain he saw his train pull slowly out of the depot, carrying his family with it. He was left. Investigation developed the sad fact that he had but a single silver dime in his clothes; but that was nothing. Put John Jeffery on a desert island and he'll "fetch." He went up town, found an old friend and followed his family to Chicago on the next train. But he would hate to have any one know that he had been left.—Chicago Herald.

A Mysterious Bird.

At the north end, in the field just beyond the Washburn car wheel works, and near the line of the Springfield railroad, was found recently in the gutter an unusual bird. It was evidently a young bird, and was about the size of a duck; but it had a bill something like a woodcock's. It seemed clearly to be a young bird that could not fly. Its legs were placed far behind like a loon's, but its feathers were not blue checked. It was taken to the car wheel shops, where they endeavored to find out what it would eat. The only thing it "went for" (except the hand of the man who caught it) was a piece of turf, turned over, and that it eagerly explored, apparently for worms. A full grown loon is a great bird, nearly three feet long. This bird was probably a grebe. It died at night.—Hartford Times.

A New-Found Organ of Sense.

During the last few years certain physiologists have been working out a curious puzzle, and have found that a remarkable organ—existing not only in man but in all mammals and in birds and most fishes—is the seat of a special sense. This organ is a membrane of the head, lodged in a bony labyrinth consisting of a vestibule and three semicircular canals and continuous with the cavity containing the hearing apparatus. The organ was long supposed to play some part in the perception of sound, but it has now been demonstrated by Mach and others that its function is to show us both the direction and the amount of all rotations performed by the head or by head and body together.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Name Catches Them.

A London paper announces that a Worcestershire village, from the fact of its being called Broadway, first attracted the attention and then the visits of Americans, and now there is quite an American season, and a small artist colony, which is six miles from a railway station. The American artists have established a Broadway school at this spot, which, with its ivy and creeper covered Worcestershire houses, is regarded by them as the most typical of English villages. The object of Mr. Alma-Tadema's special journey to this favorite resort was to paint some wild roses growing in a cottage garden.

Miscellaneous

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or

Don't Wait!

Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow.

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Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

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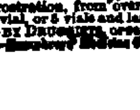
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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Harper & Brothers.

1890.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

A new Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of Edwin W. Abbey—will be presented in Harper's Magazine for 1890, with comments by Andrew Lang. Harper's Magazine has also made special arrangements with Alphonse Daudet, the greatest of living French Novelists, for the exclusive publication, in serial form, of a humorous story, to be entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon: the Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." The story will be translated by Henry James, and illustrated by Rossi and Myrbach. W. D. Howells will contribute a novelette in three parts, and Lafcadio Hearn a novelette in two parts, entitled "Youma," handsomely illustrated.

In illustrated papers, touching subjects of current interest, and in its short stories, poems, and timely articles, the Magazine will maintain its well-known standard.

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1890.

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ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly has a well-established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serial and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. The Weekly supplements are of remarkable variety, interest and value. No expense is spared to bring the highest order of artistic ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A Mexican romance, from the pen of Thomas A. Janvier, will appear in the Weekly in 1890.

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Harper's Bazar is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the Fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick, and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besant and F. W. Robinson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

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HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
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1890.

Harper's Young People

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Eleventh Volume of Harper's Young People, which begins with the Number for November 5, 1889, presents an attractive program. It will offer to its readers at least four serials of the usual length, and others in two or three parts namely, "The Red Mustang," by William O. Stoddard; "Phil and the Baby," by Lucy C. Lillie; "Prince Tommy," by John Russel Coryell; and "Mother's Way," by Margaret E. Sangster; two short serials by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Two series of Fairy Tales will attract the attention of lovers of the wonder-world, namely, the quaint tales told by Howard Pyle, and so admirably illustrated by him, and another series in a different vein by Frank M. Bicknell. There will be short stories by W. D. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, David Ker, Hezekiah Butterworth, Sophie Swett, Richard Malcolm Johnston, etc.

A subscription to Harper's Young People secures a juvenile library. There is useful knowledge, also plenty of amusement.—*Boston Advertiser.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year.

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Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Single Numbers, Five Cents each.

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Allays Pain and Inflammation.

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Try the Cure HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Miscellaneous

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

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Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARRON", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.
"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSOS." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Now is the time to send in your Job Work to the Bucks County Gazette Office.

W. S. WILKINSON,

AIR TIGHT WEATHER STRIPS

BRISTOL, Pa.

Address a postal card to P. O. Box 234, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

HOW CAN THE LONG BE THE SHORT ?

A line may be a very long one and yet be the shortest between given points. For instance the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway has over 3000 miles of road; magnificently equipped and managed, it is one of the greatest railway systems of this country; for the same reasons it is the traveler's favorite to all points in Minnesota, Nth. and Sth. Dakota and Montana. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; to the fertile free lands of the Milk River Valley; and offers a choice of 3 routes to the Coast. Still it is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Crookston, Moorhead, Castleton, Glyndon, Grafton, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Devils Lake, and Butte City. It is the best route to Alaska, China and Japan, and the journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco will be remembered as the delight of a life-time once made through the wonderful scenery of the Manitoba-Pacific Route. To fish and hunt; to view the magnificence of nature; to revive the spirit; restore the body; to realize the dream of the home-seeker, the gold-seeker, the toiler, or the capitalist, visit the country reached by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. Write to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minnesota, for maps, books and guides. If you want a free farm in a lovely land, write for the "Great Reservation," read it, and resolve to accept the golden HAND OF FORTUNE!

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Of people are looking for a present for some bright boys or girls. They will soon find that a year's subscription to SANTA CLAUS, the new illustrated young folks' weekly, is the best of all presents, for it is fifty-two gifts in one. It wakes up the duller children, and makes the bright ones still brighter, for they all like it.

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Offered annually in cash prizes, open to all subscribers, for industrial and other work. $120 may be won on any first prize. Send for particulars.

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Miscellaneous

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No. 611 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

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the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

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Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

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All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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YOU THINK YOUR EYES ARE GOOD: If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

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Solid Gold Spectacles $3.00; usual price $5.00
Steel Spectacles - - $.50; usual price 1.00
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M. ZINEMAN & BRO. OPTICIANS. | 130 S. Ninth St. PHILADELPHIA.
Between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.

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I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

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STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 7.30 A. M. and Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2 P. M

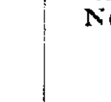
Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates



Bordentown and Phila. Line.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bordentown at 7 and Bristol 8.15 A. M. for Philadelphia. Returning leaves Philadelphia, (Arch street wharf) at 2 P. M.



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